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The
American Legion
Weekly

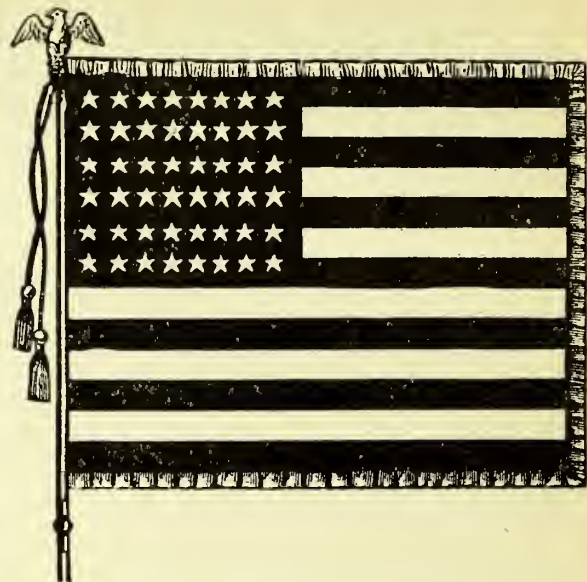
JANUARY 16, 1920

Volume 2

No. 3



TEN CENTS A COPY



Official Banner of the American Legion

As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

DEPARTMENT BANNER—WHITE

POST BANNER—BLUE

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DEPARTMENT AND POST BANNERS.— $4\frac{1}{3}' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'$ made of best banner silk in two pieces, sewed back to back, with name of Department or Post placed thereon in pure gold leaf. Trimmed on three sides with $2\frac{1}{2}''$ hand knotted yellow silk fringe, mounted on two-piece 9' polished ash pole with brass ferrule, double brass screw joint, surmounted with $7\frac{1}{2}''$ spread solid brass eagle, ornamented with one pair of 8'' yellow silk tassels with about 9' of cord, complete, including oil cloth rain cover and russet leather belt (packed in strong wooden case for shipping), at a price of \$124, delivered.

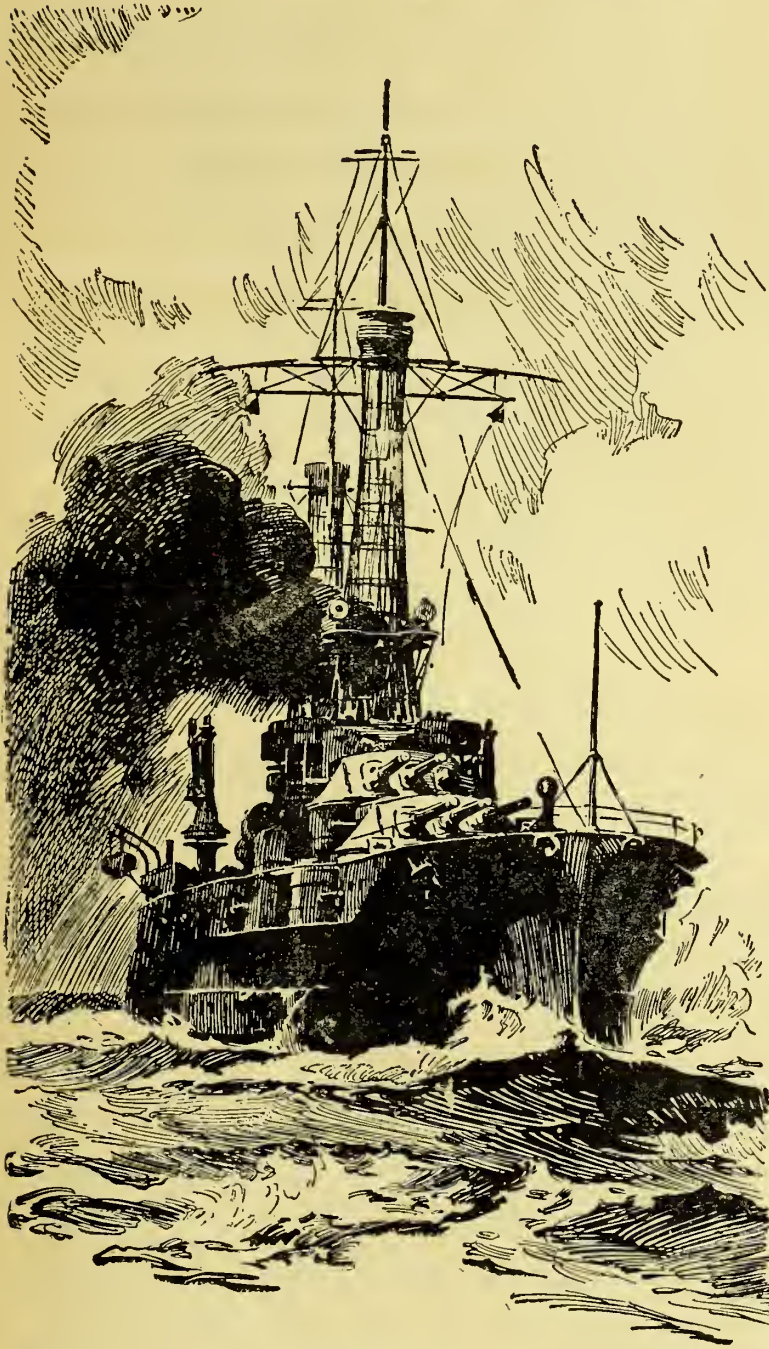
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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
THE AMERICAN LEGION,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Emblem Division

If you had been on the Arizona



HERE she comes, homeward bound, with "a bone in her teeth," and a record for looking into many strange ports in six short months.

If you had been one of her proud sailors you would have left New York City in January, been at Guantanamo, Cuba, in February, gone ashore at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in March and stopped at Brest, France, in April to bring the President home. In May the Arizona swung at her anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey. In June she rested under the shadow of Gibraltar and in July she was back in New York harbor.

Her crew boasts that no millionaire tourist ever globe-trotted like this. There was one period of four weeks in which the crew saw the coasts of North America, South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

An enlistment in the navy

gives you a chance at the education of travel. Your mind is quickened by contact with new people, new places, new ways of doing things.

Pay begins the day you join. On board ship a man is always learning. There is work to be done and he is taught to do it well. Trade schools develop skill, industry and business ability. Work and play are planned by experts. Thirty days furlough each year with full pay. The food is fine. A full outfit of clothing is provided free. Promotion is unlimited for men of brains. You can enlist for two years and come out broader, stronger, abler. "The Navy made a man of me" is an expression often heard.

Apply at any recruiting station if you are over 17. There you will get full information. If you can't find the recruiting station, ask your Postmaster. He knows.

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Get in touch with your local post. If there is no local post, write to the Department Commander or Department Adjutant of your State. Join The American Legion.

You helped give the Boche all that was coming to him. Have you got everything that is coming to you? Have you had any trouble with your *War Risk Allotment or Allowance, Quartermaster or Navy Allotment, Compensation, Insurance, Liberty Bonds, Bonus, Travel Pay, Back Pay?*

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The American Legion Weekly

Official Publication of
The American Legion



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Putting the Three R's to Work

Americanization Crusade Must Throw "Moppers Up" into the Dark Dug-outs of Ignorance

HAVE you ever felt apologetic for being unable to speak the language of the country you were in? Probably you have in France. I have in America. A short time ago I was trying to find the North Station in Boston, Mass. The route took me through the slum section, where I soon got lost. I stopped a passer-by.

"Can you tell me the way to the North Station?" I asked.

He looked at me and grunted, "No Inglis."

I tried another passer-by. "No English," was the only answer I got. Next time I selected a man who had all the appearances of a typical Yankee. "No understand," he said blankly. Not once again, not twice again, but twelve times by count I tried after that to find in Boston, the vaunted center of American culture, someone who could understand the American language. To Boston's credit be it admitted that the fifteenth man did speak American quite fluently, and I found the station at last. But before I did I became actually ashamed of not being able to talk with these people. What right had I, an American, to intrude in their city? Surely there had

By ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

An energetic part in the work of Americanization will be played by The American Legion.

The Legion Committee which will direct this work is headed by Arthur Woods, and is now making an exhaustive study of the whole situation. The committee will lay out a constructive program, at a meeting to be held at Indianapolis, January 19, which can be carried to every nook and corner of America by the Legion's thousands of local posts.

This article touches upon the fundamentals of the problem and, of course, deals in no way with the committee's work and program, which have not yet been fully laid out.

been something amiss in my education that I could thus get lost in a city of my own nation.

Figures are dull things, yet occasionally

they say something worth while. These are interesting:

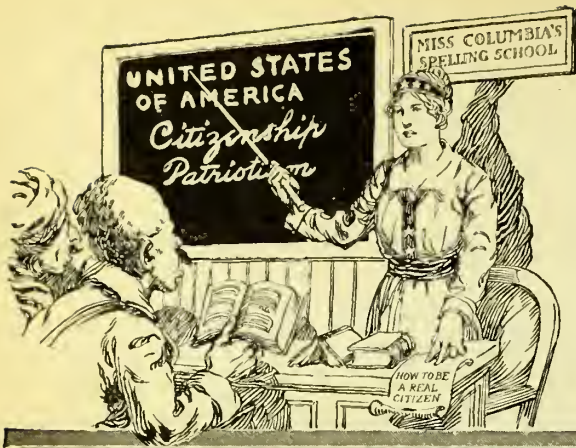
In Lawrence, Mass., there are 105,000 people; 28,000 or twenty-seven per cent of them are entirely ignorant of the language of the rest of America.

Four hundred thousand men quit work when the steel strike started; 160,000 or forty per cent of them were aliens.

In the United States there are some 100,000,000 people; 8,500,000 of them are illiterate. Estimating the average weekly wage of an illiterate at \$5 less than that of an educated worker, the nation loses \$2,000,000,000 a year through the existence of this condition. In ten years that would cancel our war debt.

Now for the last figures, which give point to those just mentioned. In 1918, 110,618 aliens sought admission to this country. In 1919, the number was 141,132, an increase of 30,514. Before the war the number averaged nearly a million a year.

For the first time since America became a great nation, we are enjoying a breathing spell from the steady inrush of immigrants. Today is the time to turn to and clean house. There is not much time; already the tide is rising again; the



That is our program. It is a big one, and offers many difficulties. But it can be done, and the Legion is the body to do it. Before the Legion throws its great influence into the movement, let us survey the field.

The keystone of any campaign to Americanize aliens is the requirement that the aliens know the American language. This is the first objective, and unless it is reached little

and a half per person. A dollar and a half's worth of education won't make an American out of an alien. To be sure, the state would add to this sum, but this is a ridiculously low price for Uncle Sam to set on a citizen.

ON the other hand the Bureau of Citizenship Training of the Department of Labor believes it is entirely too much. This bureau has built up a system of cooperation between the Federal Government and the public schools of the country which depends on the schools for its success. It is paid for entirely by the naturalization fees, and the chief of the



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stream of immigration is beginning to surge about our gates. Before it reaches the flood we shall, if we are wise, roll up our sleeves and get on the job.

THE American Legion knows that. The first step was taken in the resolution passed at Minneapolis, creating a National Americanism Commission, "whose duty shall be the endeavor to realize in the United States the basic ideal of this Legion of one hundred per cent Americanism, through the planning, establishment, and conduct of a continuous, constructive, educational system." This system, the resolution continues, shall be designed:

1. To combat all anti-American tendencies, activities, and propaganda;
2. To work for the education of immigrants, prospective American citizens and alien residents in the principles of Americanism;
3. To inculcate the ideals of Americanism in the citizen population, particularly the basic American principle that the interests of all the people are above those of any special interest or any so-called class or section of the people;
4. To spread throughout the people of the nation information as to the real nature and principles of American government;
5. To foster the teaching of Americanism in all the schools,

else will avail. It is, of course, only a part of the whole; teaching an alien to speak our language does not make him loyal to our country, but on the other hand, the chances that he will be loyal to our country are negligible unless he knows its language. Three kinds of organizations are now at work on this problem: governmental agencies, such as the Departments of Labor and of the Interior, the various states, and the city educational bureaus; welfare institutions, the churches and the local clubs; and private enterprises, such as business firms. On the first two this article can touch but lightly.

The future work of the Federal Government along these lines depends largely upon the fate of the Kenyon Bill, S. 3315, now before Congress. Senator Kenyon is an advocate of educating our alien population, and his bill makes for close cooperation between the Federal Bureau of Education and the several states. For the current fiscal year the Kenyon Bill would appropriate \$5,000,000 and for each year thereafter until 1923, \$12,500,000. This would be allotted to the various states in proportion to the number of illiterates resident within their borders. The passage of the bill would be a step forward; but after all it is but one step. Twelve and a half million dollars will not go far; Texas, with 400,000 illiterates, would get \$590,000, not quite a dollar

bureau, Raymond Crist, has no use for additional money. Moreover, there is hostility to the Kenyon Bill because, it is said, it tends to centralize our education and to stamp it all with a federal stamp.

The bureau supports instead the Dillingham and Johnson bills. These would include within the scope of such education as is now going on all native illiterates over sixteen years of age, as well as all alien illiterates. The Kenyon Bill also does this; but the Johnson and Dillingham bills would keep the control of the education with the local schools, not subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, as does the Kenyon Bill.

Twenty-four hundred schools are now working with the Bureau of Citizenship Training; 450 classes are under way in the logging camps of the northwest, one stronghold of the I. W. W. The government gives to each candidate for citizenship a book containing the necessary knowledge, and to each teacher a special volume. The work goes further than this and touches the industrial end; in the last four months 250,000 naturalization blanks have been sent to thousands of firms, as many as 17,000 to one company. This last movement cannot be too highly encouraged.

Anyone who has worked with aliens knows that the chief obstacle to the acquisition of citizenship is the fact that

the applicant must often travel many miles to the proper court and then must wait, sometimes a day or two, for his turn to be examined. This takes up his valuable time as well as that of his witnesses; worse, it gives him the feeling that the United States is not particularly interested in his becoming a citizen. To bring the chance to the alien in his shop is a long advance.

All this is a big work; but it is hard to see why the Bureau of Citizenship Training believes that \$12,500,000 would not help it along.

THIS is true, foremost, because a man's job is his first contact with things American. It is through his job, during the first months in this country, that he will form his first impression of Americans, their ways and their beliefs. He has left his own country expecting to be greatly handicapped by his ignorance of the American language. He gets work in a factory or in a coal mine, where there are thousands of others of his own nationality, where orders and bulletins are posted in several different languages, and where the foremen talk his tongue and come,

try-out. Accordingly, in each of ten factories a good-fellowship league and a shop committee were formed. The committee in each case was composed of seven men and women elected by the workers, and representative of the different departments as well as of the managerial end of the factory. These committees are the point of contact between the central good-fellowship league and the factories.

Through them the workers are given weekly talks of twenty minutes' duration on the value of efficiency, not from the



The educated man produces more than the illiterate, which is good for the employer, and, by the same token, he earns more, which is good for himself.

The efforts being put forth by the various states are so diverse that it would take an encyclopedia to cover the subject. During the past summer alone, fourteen states have turned attention to their Americanization laws and are constructing new machinery capable of handling the bigger tasks of today. The State Boards of Education as a rule do not accomplish much directly; their powers are chiefly advisory. The real work is done by the individual public schools when they are backed by the state or the national government.

In general, the state method relies upon the night school. There is nothing the matter with the night school. It is an accepted and time-honored means of educating people who work during the day. But there is another movement afoot, much less widely known and apparently much more efficient.

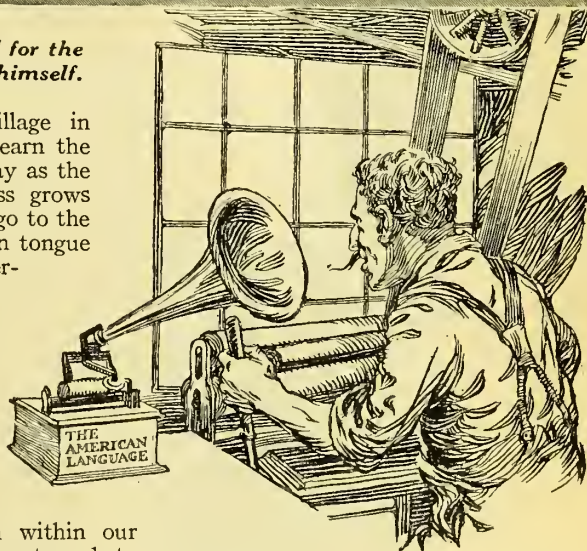
This is based on the principle of shop classes, which are being conducted by business firms all over the country. More than 800 industrial plants in the United States have either started such classes on their own initiative or are co-operating closely with the state or welfare agencies in charge of the work. The importance of this phase of the Americanization movement is not appreciated by the rest of us; yet it is of all the various methods the most productive of results.

perhaps, from his own village in Europe. His ambition to learn the American language dies away as the conviction of its uselessness grows upon him. Why should he go to the trouble of studying a foreign tongue when he can get along perfectly well without it?

When the American Federation of Labor called its men out in October, it was found necessary in one city to print the bulletins in nine languages. There are a thousand foreign language newspapers in the United States. The alien within our gates speedily becomes accustomed to having his information brought to him in his native tongue, and he very naturally refuses to go out of his way to learn another.

Therefore we must go to him, and it is through the shops that the best approach lies. Intelligent citizens in Kalamazoo, Mich., have been quick to see this. Mrs. J. E. Owen Phillips, industrial director of the Kalamazoo Chamber of Commerce, was the originator and organizer of a plan which holds much promise.

A group of Kalamazoo manufacturers, after carefully considering the situation, decided to give Mrs. Phillips's scheme a



point of view of efficiency for efficiency's sake, but from the practical point of view of the material advantage of greater pay. A league paper was started, giving the news of the various factories and containing articles that made for better understanding of local and general problems.

These classes, if such they may be called, are open to Americans and foreigners both, and every effort is made to bring together the different points of view of the two groups. Eventually it is hoped that out of this organization there

(Continued on page 26)



Boynton, Williams.



Casey, Harvard.



Barton,
Colgate.



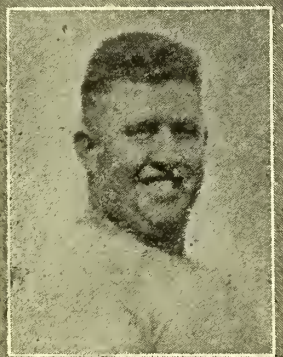
Gillo, Colgate.



Higgins,
Penn State.



Youngstrom,
Dartmouth.



Henry,
W. and J.



Alexander,
Syracuse.

An All-Service Football Team

By WALTER TRUMBULL

WHEN the Hun tried to force kultur down the throats of his neighbors and acquaintances, and lost a few fingers in the operation, football did its bit. When the call came nobody had to supply an ear trumpet to any of the amateur athletes of this country, and the response from the punters of the pigskin was close to 100 per cent. How well they played the game is evidenced by the fact that about half of the men connected with sport who today sleep over yonder, are football men.

There is hardly a college or university in the land that cannot proudly point to names on its roster of gridiron heroes of those who made good in the greater game. Among the first to seek and find the Great Adventure was Johnnie Poe; Johnnie Poe, of Princeton and the Black Watch; Johnnie Poe who once sent the message to an eleven, "If you won't be beat, you can't be beat." Not a bad slogan for an army, that!

Princeton gave other great football players to the cause. There was Garry Cochran, end; Joe Duff, guard; and Arthur Bleuthenthal, center; each an All-America man. George Phillips, who, Tacks Hardwick once told me, was the gamest tackle he ever faced, and some other Princeton men were on a troop train in France when they heard that Arthur Bleuthenthal had gone west, and no one could desire a finer tribute to his memory than the way those comrades of his spoke of Bleuthenthal.

Then there were Hamilton Coolidge and Philip Mills and Dillwyn Starr, of Harvard, and Alec Wilson, of Yale, and Belvidere Brooks, of Williams, and Lloyd Hamilton, of Syracuse, and G. W. Berriman, of Brown, and T. W. Ashley, of Amherst, and J. A. Emery and C. A. Pudrith, of Dartmouth, and Jeff Healy, of Columbia, and Gerald Carroll, of New York University, and William B. Dean, of West Point, and William M. Nichols, of Annapolis, and a whole long string of others known to fame on the cross-barred field. Yes, football did its part, and if it is played on the Elysian Fields what great elevens must be gathered there!

BUT this present article has to do with the boys who came back. Not the

older football men—and the service was full of them—but the boys who, after their army or navy schooling, still were young enough to go back to the classrooms and athletic fields of their colleges and universities. From the ranks of these this All-Service football team has been selected.

Some of these men saw active fighting while others did not. Those who were not actually in the game were warming up on the sidelines, eager to hop to it when their chance might come. If they were in this country or in the S. O. S., rather than actually mingling with the brawling Boche, the fault was none of theirs. It lay somewhere higher up among the series of peaks that rose to Washington.

With practically all the football men in the country from whom to pick, no claim is made that this is the best All-Service team that could have been chosen. There may be better men for some of the positions than those selected, but we refuse to be drawn into any discussion of the matter. Though our judgment may be questioned and the echo of loud and scornful laughter resound from various parts of the country where football solons sit, we refuse to explain by indorsement hereon. These men are good enough. They are good enough for us and they are good enough for anybody.

We do not call it an All-Service eleven because it consists of twenty-two men. All of us know the necessity of replacements. Neither has any



Miller,
Pennsylvania.



Hastings, Pittsburgh.



Callahan, Yale.



Oss, Minnesota.



Stinchcomb, Ohio State.

The Team with Replacements

End	Higgins, Penn State.	Meyers, Wisconsin.
Tackle	West, Colgate.	Henry Wash. & Jeff.
Guard	McGraw, Princeton.	Alexander, Syracuse.
Center	Callahan, Yale.	Carpenter, Wisconsin.
Guard	Youngstrom, Dartmouth.	Barton, Colgate.
Tackle	Cody, Vanderbilt.	Cubbage, Penn State.
End	Miller, Pennsylvania.	Brown, Syracuse.
Quarter	Boynton, Williams.	Stinchcomb, Ohio State.
Halfback	Casey, Harvard.	Hastings, Pittsburgh.
Halfback	Erickson, Wash. & Jeff.	Oss, Minnesota.
Fullback	Rodgers, West Va.	Gillo, Colgate.



Brown, Syracuse.

great effort been made to divide the selections into a first and second eleven. There are two men for each place, and if one of them happened to be on sick report the other would do just about as well, or perhaps in some cases better. It would have been just about as easy to pick five men for each position as to pick two. For instance there are such players as Conover, Way, Robb and Osborn of Penn State, Robertson of Syracuse, Robertson of Dartmouth, Anderson of Colgate, Weldon of Lafayette, Braden of Yale, Harrick and Hite of West Virginia, Weston, Scott and Elliot of Wisconsin and a battalion or so of others who are just about as valuable football players as ever drew on a cleated shoe.

But, as I have mentioned, the roster assembled should be eminently satisfactory. We claim that this outfit as a whole possesses the capabilities to run with the speed of a scout plane engine, to bump the line with the calm determina-

tion of a moving tank annoyed by some slight obstruction, to pass with the ease of a seasoned crap shooter and to kick with the grace and fluency of a doughboy voicing an encomium of his rations.

First, taking up the ends, Higgins was a member of the championship Eighty-ninth Division team, Miller started out in the cavalry and Meyers and Brown were aviators. Meyers, by the way, was a captain of aviation and was credited with four enemy machines. All of these men could cover kicks like a circus tent, could break up and get through interference, could receive forward passes and could do anything else required of them. When they were doing sentry duty on the wings nobody got by without the password, and the only persons who had the word were the umpire and referee.

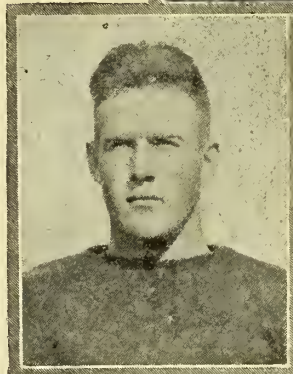
FOR tackles we have material impossible to beat and hard to tie. All four were army men. West, late of the 307th F. A., and previously and later of Colgate, was a 200-pounder who could not only play his position in a manner to bring grief to his opponents but could also punt and kick field goals from placement. Cody weighed 210 pounds and carried that weight over the chalk marks with remarkable velocity. He made more tackles down field than did the Vanderbilt ends, and some of the men he tackled in an open field later declared that they must inadvertently have stepped in front of a locomotive that was going sixty miles an hour. Cody was also a good drop kicker. Henry was so good on the defense that the opposing team usually pointed its attack as far away

(Continued on page 24) ■

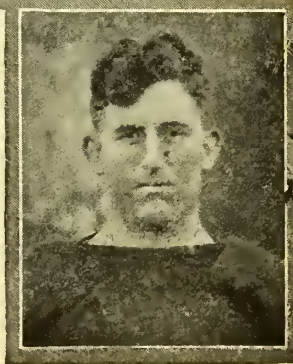
West, Colgate.



Erickson, W. and J.



Cubbage, Penn State.



McGraw, Princeton.



As to "Muffing Its Mission"

THE august *Saturday Evening Post* rises lately to question editorially The American Legion's decision at Minneapolis to keep out of partisan politics. It suggests that the Legion "muffed its mission" when the charter convention ruled that "this organization shall be absolutely non-political, and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles or for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking political office or preferment."

Let us suppose that it had been otherwise; that this sage advice had been given and accepted by The American Legion before its convention. Endorsements for President of the United States would have been an early order of business, no doubt. Imagine, if you can, the Legion delegates from say Massachusetts, Nebraska, Texas, Illinois, Washington, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and California, agreeing just who should be the next President and going home to govern themselves accordingly. State delegations with favorite sons on their hands might have been out-voted in some instances, if not convinced. And the League of Nations would have come up for organized consideration and action, followed by prohibition, ownership of railroads, and every other issue that would have been represented by a few adherents, enthusiasts and lobbyists.

What an hour of joy for the practical politicians and practical lobbyists. We are assuming, that practical politicians continue to exist and flourish even at this late date. And that their purely tactical uses, methods, ethics and even powers are unimpaired as a result of the war. And that they would have lost all claims to being practical politicians if they were not inside the convention enclosure once the gates were open. Such being the case, their lieutenants would have been on the job early and late with "practical advice," for otherwise these rank political amateurs of the Legion might spend all their time expounding and applying mere boyish ideals that they had brought back from training areas and battlefields, and thus forget to deliver the political bacon.

Patronage, of course, would have been bartered like futures in wheat. Beneficial soldier's legislation would have gone on the trading block and into the pork barrel, to be doled out in return for political support. If after such a performance the Legion had inquired where Congress stood on this measure or that, it would, of course, have been more or less practical had individual Congressmen made discreet inquiry as to just how much Legion support was coming their way at the polls next election.

With the national convention setting the pace and example, the same performance, of course, would have been reproduced in miniature in every state convention and local post meeting in the country. Picture the joy of the practical politician were the local posts of the Legion a succession of hiving political camps, bartering and trading with the old-timers for patronage and support. Picture a state or county machine getting behind the Legion's

bronzed candidate for constable in return for the Legion's support for the machine's impeccable candidate for governor. Possibly with an appointment as assistant warden thrown in to boot, if a shrewd bargain were driven. For, had the Legion's vision of its true mission been so dwarfed as to lead it into the wilderness of partisan politics, it inevitably would have gone into these practical plays for patronage, prestige and preferment.

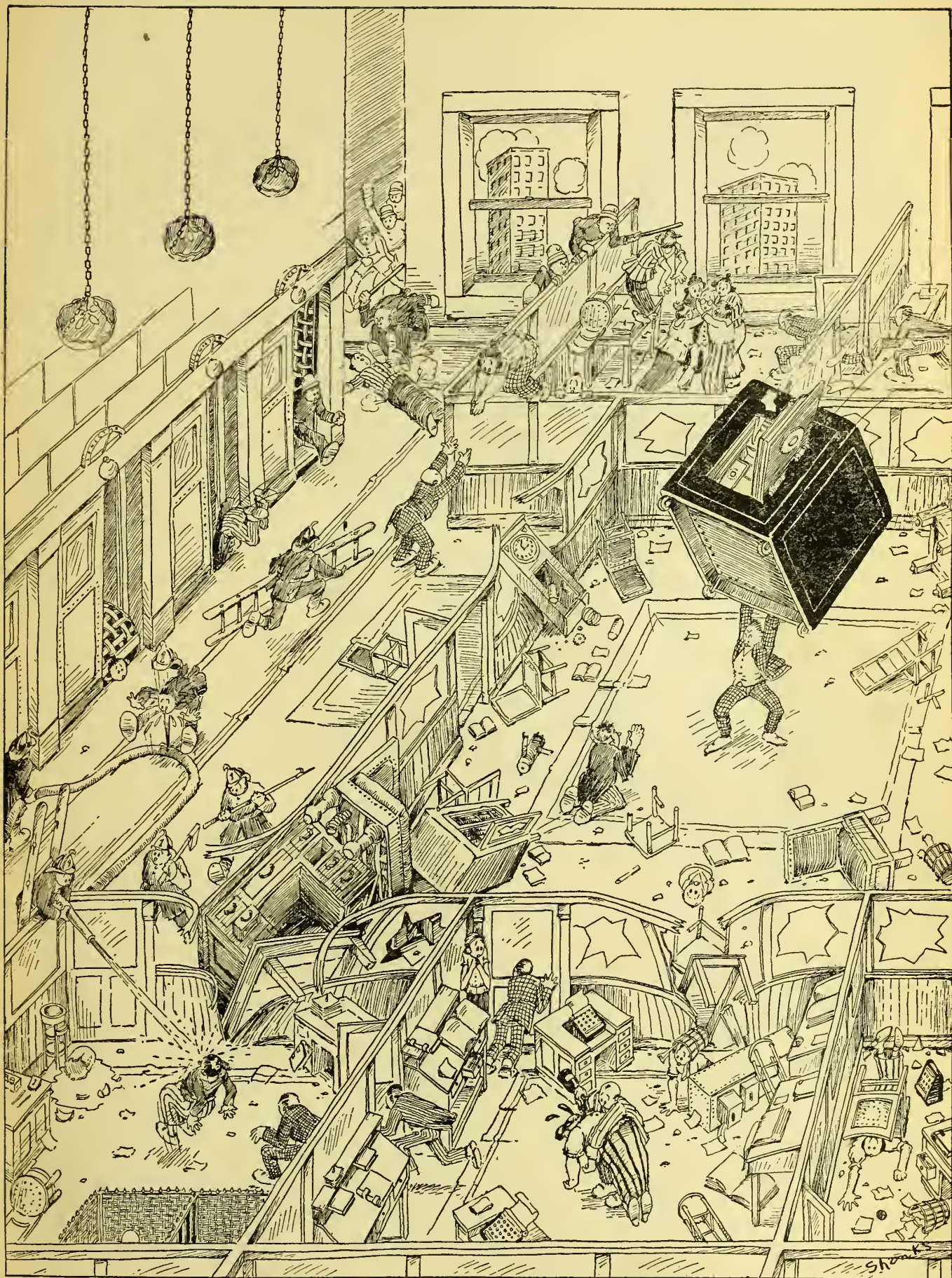
It is merely a trifling detail that it would have required at once a division of The American Legion into at least two great parts—The American Legion Auxiliary to the Republican Party and the American Legion Annex to the Democratic Party. It would have been a bit early to expect lifelong party men in the Legion to abandon their parties completely on a majority vote of their new organization—The American Legion.

But the united men who were in service saw a duty that could be performed by aloofness of their organization from party entanglements. They were practical enough to know that there are a lot of things out of kilter with our political life. At the same time they knew that fundamentally the government is sound enough and good enough for any human being, idealist or otherwise. So how quicken the political life and conscience of the country? How bring ideals and the practical everyday application of those ideals into closer cooperation. Through political parties, no doubt; but certainly not by jumping pell-mell in the heat of a white-hot political campaign which meant division of the ranks at the outset and an ultimate assimilation by political parties.

The mistake is frequently made of ruling The American Legion out of politics because of its Minneapolis action. It should be clearly understood that The American Legion is very much in politics. Its members belong to political parties, and no doubt they will keep up their affiliation with these parties in so far as the country is run through parties. As individuals they are free to become candidates, and no doubt there not only will be a demand for them in public life but a response fully great enough to meet all demands.

But they are merely keeping their collective voice free from party entanglements. They are not keeping their organization out of the political life of the country but out of the clutches of the practical politicians. If The American Legion as an organization has chosen to hold aloof from the old parties, if it is going to work through them rather than with them, it is because it does not intend to burn its bridges behind it and be absorbed into nothingness. It is because it prefers to watch the political parties of the present and see that they meet, as they must meet, the standards of an inevitable new era in American political life. It is because it prefers being a political spur to being a political asset.

We believe that, far from "muffing its mission," The American Legion merely escaped its extinction when, at its charter convention, it refused to divide its strength into rival political camps and cast its hat with a whoop into the political arena.

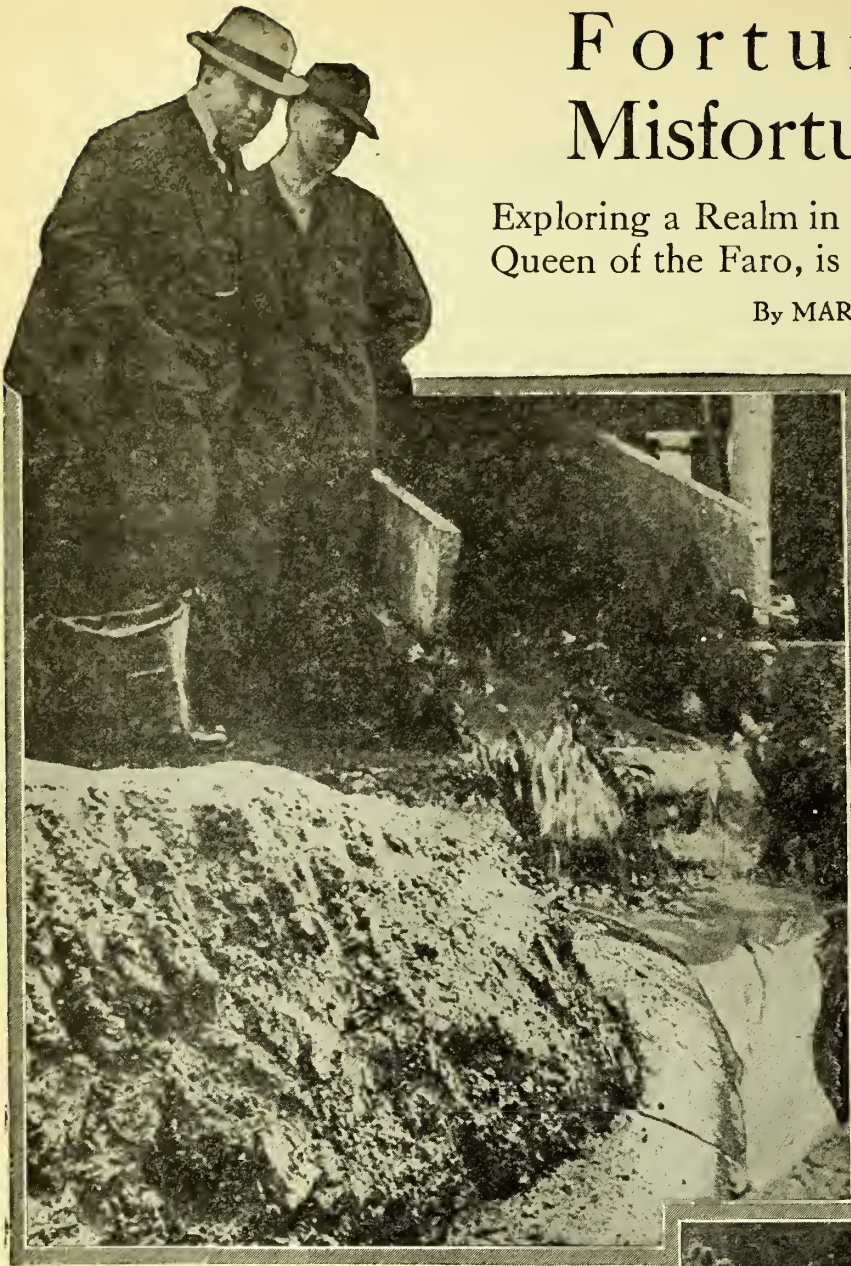


Ex-Private Jones discovers his new boss is his old Top Kicker

Fortunes and Misfortunes in Oil

Exploring a Realm in Which Old Dame Chance, Queen of the Faro, is Really a Deciding Factor

By MARQUIS JAMES



Acres that grudgingly yielded dollars in wheat freely surrendered thousands in oil—sometimes.

IT IS not a new story, at any rate to that part of the country, but the Cherokee Strip, down in Oklahoma, has been so shy of publicity agents that I probably could tell it as such and get away with it.

By their consolidated labors an old farmer and his wife had squeezed a hard living out of a treeless short grass farm in Garfield County ever since "the opening" in '93. If it wasn't the drought it was the hot winds, and if it wasn't the hot winds it was the grasshoppers, and if it wasn't the grasshoppers it was something else that year on year postponed their hopes and kept them as poor as Job's turkey, fighting a dogged but losing fight to save their "claim" from the encroachments of the mortgage held by the farm loan society at Enid.

Then came the oil strike, and the old man's royalties amounted to an even \$1,000 a day.

One thousand dollars a day! There went the old mortgage in eighteen hours.

"What is the first thing you are going to buy with your money, Mrs. So-and-So?" inquired a neighbor.

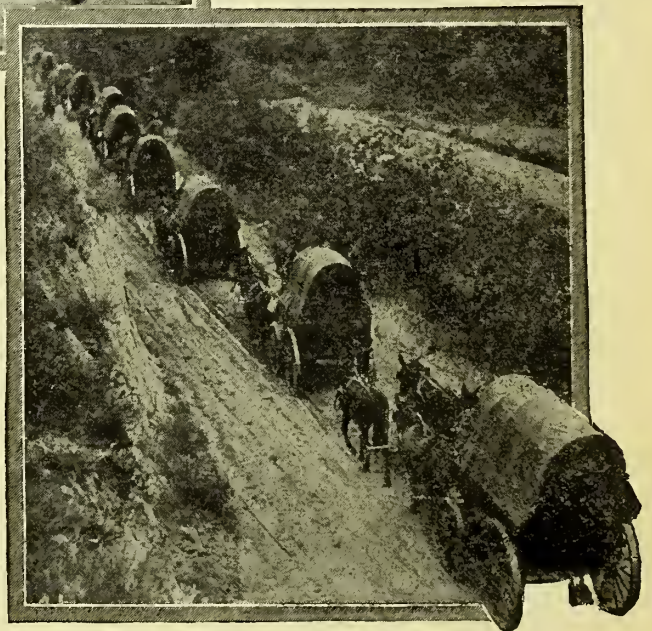
"Well," replied the old lady in a toneless falsetto, as she buried her toil-gnarled hands under a faded calico apron, "as soon

as Elmer has paid off the morgidge I'm going to save up and buy a bran' new ax. I'm clair worn out breaking my back chopping all the wood with that old 'un."

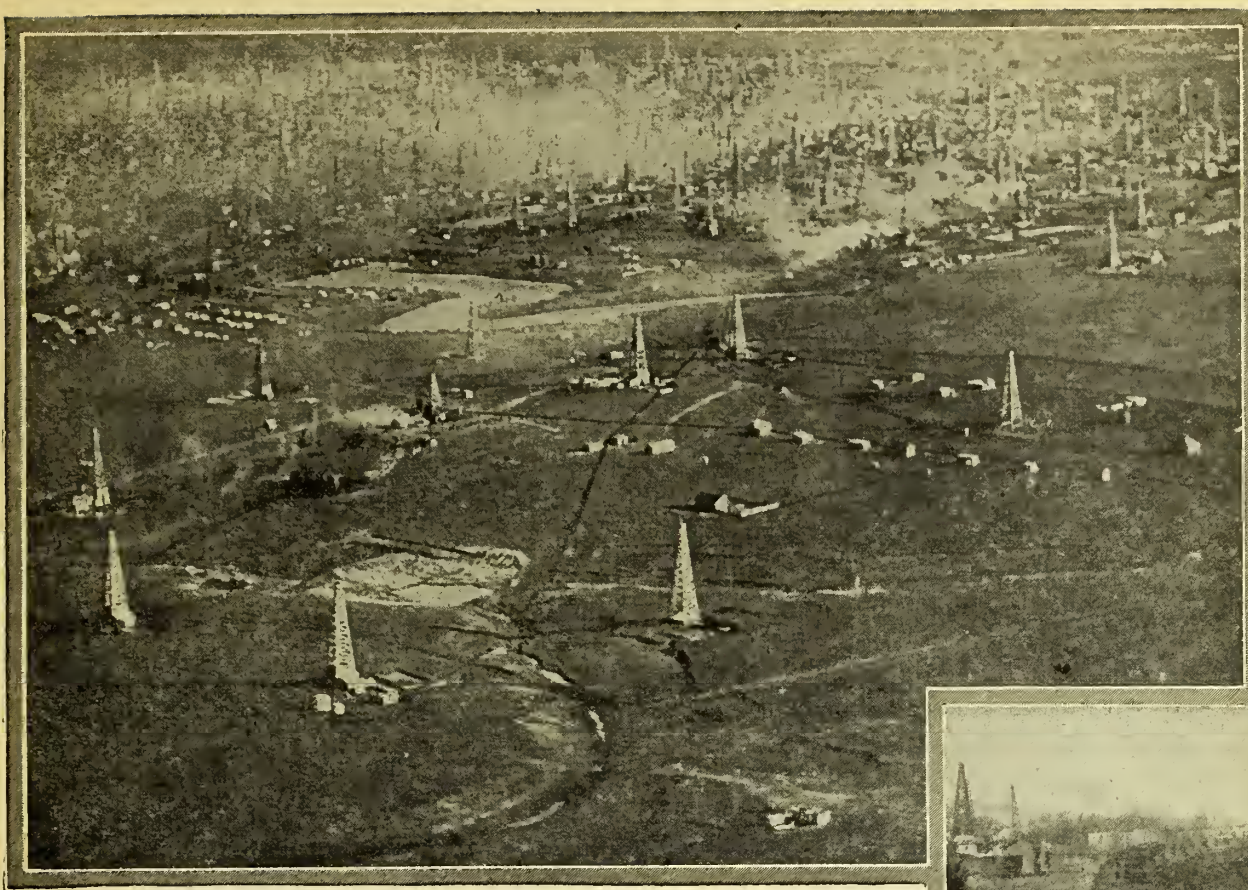
There is no more likelihood of anticipating what people will do when suddenly possessed of unexpected wealth than of predicting correctly the direction in which an undisturbed wart toad will hop when it comes out of its hole.

Another newly rich farmer decided to move to town. Looking around for a suitable home, his choice fell upon the residence of a flour mill owner, one of the old financial barons of that section of the country. His home had long been a local show place. The owner was absent in California, and his agent named a price, which at that time and in those parts was an unheard of sum to pay for a home. Without batting an eye the farmer told the agent that if he could prove that the house was worth that much he would buy it for cash. Money was no object to him, he said, when he got his money's worth.

THE agent went about the task, conducting the old man over the house, enumerating, item by item, its novel features and setting a value on each. They paused before an etched glass window.



The pioneers made the historic dash into the Cherokee Strip in "covered wagons"; they didn't call them "prairie schooners."



"That window alone cost \$600," said the agent.

"Impossible," replied the farmer. "No window is worth that much. Glass doesn't come that high."

The agent insisted, and the would-be purchaser agreed to take his banker's word for it. The banker assured him the window was worth \$600, and he bought the house. Given an opportunity to buy its furnishings he made the agent the same proposition. He would buy if it could be demonstrated the furniture was worth the sum asked. The agent assumed the task with confidence.

"This rug here," he said, "came from Persia. It is worth \$1,500."

"It might be worth \$1,500 in Persia, where carpets must be scarce," responded the new owner of the house, "but in the good old U. S. A. I can get all the carpets I want for \$60 apiece."

The sale was lost. The retired farmer went to a local store and furnished the house after ideas of his own.

Then he bought eight high-priced automobiles. A car for every day in the week, he said, and one for his wife. Since then he has purchased four more, including two foreign cars. Help is too expensive, he avers, so he runs his cars himself and washes them with a garden hose in the street in front of his mansion. Laundries ruin one's linen, so he wears hickory shirts and has them washed at home. His wife keeps no servants.

The name of Hoy recurs in any oil conversation you hear. There is the Hoy sand, the Hoy pool, the Hoy farm, where the highest test oil is brought in. The word is spoken with a sort of reverence. It seems to be to oil what sterling

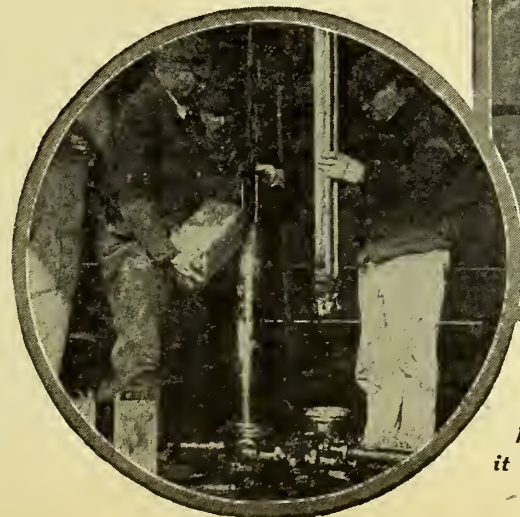
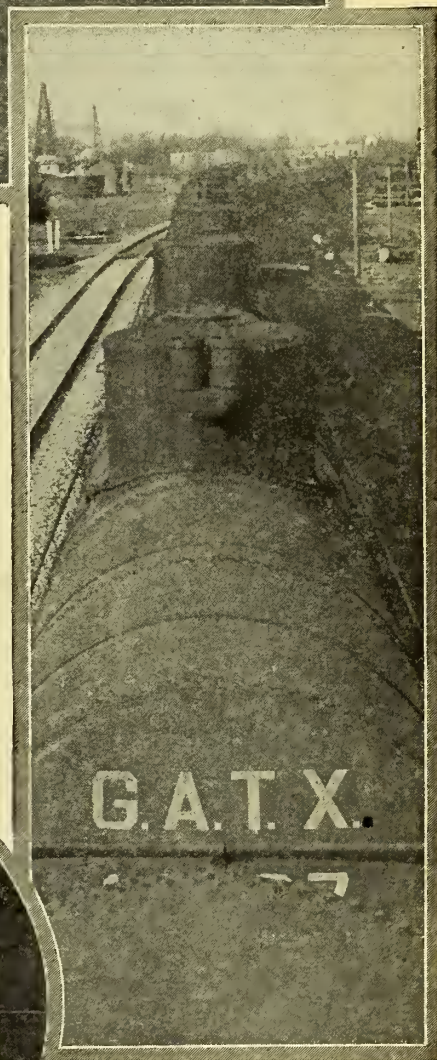
is to silver. Inquiry reveals that Hoy is a person, the owner of Hoy farm.

Robert E. Hoy is a millionaire. Before the strike he was a blacksmith and horseshoer in the village of Covington. He is still a blacksmith and horseshoer in the village of Covington.

"Making a lot of money, ain't you, Mr. Hoy?" a caller remarked.

"Can't complain," returned the millionaire, without looking up from the hoof he held gripped between his knees. "This oil strike has sure boomed business for the shop."

The oil fields include the farm of a well-to-do spinster—well-to-do, that is, before the strike. She had been successful beyond the ordinary at farming, and lived in a comfortable house. Now her



When a tower goes up and a well goes down, one of two things happens: oil or gas is brought in or it is not.

oil royalties amount to about \$1,500 a day, and she is one of the most dissatisfied of persons. The towers mar the appearance of her well-kept farm, and so many greasy men about intrude upon her privacy. She'd be glad, she says, if the oil on her place would give out and they'd go away and leave her to make a "decent" living raising wheat.

The writer was reared in the Cherokee Strip. My earliest recollections are of there. My first impressions are the impressions of a youthful bystander and eye-witness to the picturesque enterprises of fronting, as practiced by the first white settlers who went out to win an agricultural empire from the prairies and wound up by striking one of the choicest oil fields in the world.

ADVENTURE and its twin, romance, rode in the saddle bags of the men who made the historic "run," by which dramatic means the Strip was taken over from the Cherokee tribe. At noon on September 16, 1893, thirty thousand soldiers of fortune, on horseback, in "covered wagons"—in most western literature they call them prairie schooners, but we never did—in buckboards and even afoot, dashed over the borders of Kansas and "Old Oklahoma" into the promised land. A "claim" "staked" was a claim owned—a claim being 160 acres of virgin buffalo grass.

That was "the run," and the F. F. Vs. of the Strip are those families which can boast of a hardy progenitor who rode in the run.

Followed a few lively years of boundary disputes, "sooner" feuds, county seat wars and town-site rivalries, as a consequence of which the Strip began to feel the refining influences that undertakers and graveyards lend to a new community.

Then things began to simmer and settle down. Adventure and romance, in their more apparent forms, shoved off for likelier fields and left the pioneer alone with the struggle of populating the untouched prairies with the fruits and grains of civilization. The same winds and weathers, the same varying fortunes and vicissitudes inflicted themselves upon all and recast the toiling pioneer farmers into something of a universal mould. The rough gallantry and adventurous spirit of twenty years ago were dead, it seemed; a unique epoch gone forever, a colorless one succeeding.

Then oil came and rescued the Strip from this species of decadence. Acres that had grudgingly yielded their dollars in corn and wheat freely surrendered their thousands in oil. Adventure came back to play a return engagement. Old-timers, or their sons, whose greatest thrill in years had been a horse-trade or a deal in Poland China shoats, branched out as spectacular promoters, who played to win millions or lose all, and did both. It was the old Strip over again; the reckless frontier spirit at liberty after two

decades of toilsome captivity, heartwhole and fancy free.

Discovery Well, on the Hoy farm, was brought in three years ago last fall. The effect was electrical. A frenzied year ensued. Fortunes were actually turned overnight. There was no "blue sky" law to interfere, and companies sprang up by the hundred out of hand. Ventures capitalized up to \$2,000,000, without a dollar in actual assets behind them, enjoyed a riotous season, and prospective buyers fought for the stock. The people

AN OIL MAN'S ADVICE

"If anybody hears that there is about to be a new oil strike, here is my formula on how to proceed and get in on the ground floor: Place a large scale map of the community on a table and flip a coin in the air. Where the coin lands say; 'I'll take out leases there,' and then take them out. This sounds like I am trying to be funny, but I am not. It is the best dope I can give, and in giving it I disclose no secret, for luck has none."

talked, lived, ate and slept oil. The soda dispenser in the corner drug store mixed you a bromo seltzer when you had asked for a nut sundae. He was dreaming of his millions. You drank it without noting the substitution. You were dreaming of yours. The little lady who took your dime at the cash desk pored over her prospectus as she rang up a dollar, dreaming of hers.

A WAITRESS in a short order house bought shares for \$40 and sold them sixty days later for \$10,000, so the story runs, and a sailor at a navy recruiting station, who threw in his month's pay in much the same spirit as he would have chanced it in a blackjack game aboard-ship, dragged \$65,000. A lawyer sold leases he is said to have acquired for nothing, for the reported figure of \$3,500,000. The buyer was one of the great oil corporations.

This heyday endured for a year. By this time the big companies were buying in pretty rapidly, and gradually the producing and likely leases were gathered into fewer and fewer hands. A blue-sky law put an end to wildcatting and hundreds of mushroom companies retired from business. The boom had developed a few shrewd local magnates, who, with the big companies, whose agents work in mysterious ways, held control. Investment succeeded speculation to a large extent. Profits became smaller, the prospect of making them more likely.

All new oil fields are the "richest in the world." No territory smaller than the earth ever is contemplated when an enthusiast gets to talking about his field. The Strip people set forth that the gravity test of their product runs from 47 to 52, which is said to be exceeded only by some Pennsylvania fields. An automobile can

be operated in some places by the unrefined product. Ordinary gasoline tests about 55.

In the first boom days nobody paid any attention to gas wells. There was not enough profit in gas. Now a gasoline extracting device attached to the casing head of a gasser withdraws from three to four gallons of test 90 gasoline from each thousand cubic feet of gas. This gasoline is so volatile that a teacup full thrown out will evaporate before it can reach the ground. It is used to bring up

low grade gas for special purposes—for use in aeroplane engines, for instance.

Observed from a distance for any period of time an oil field would present the spectacle of several migrating forests of towers, each tower encompassed by an independent activity. The towers move this way and that, putting down new holes, which eventually define the irregular limits of the various pools in the producing anticline.

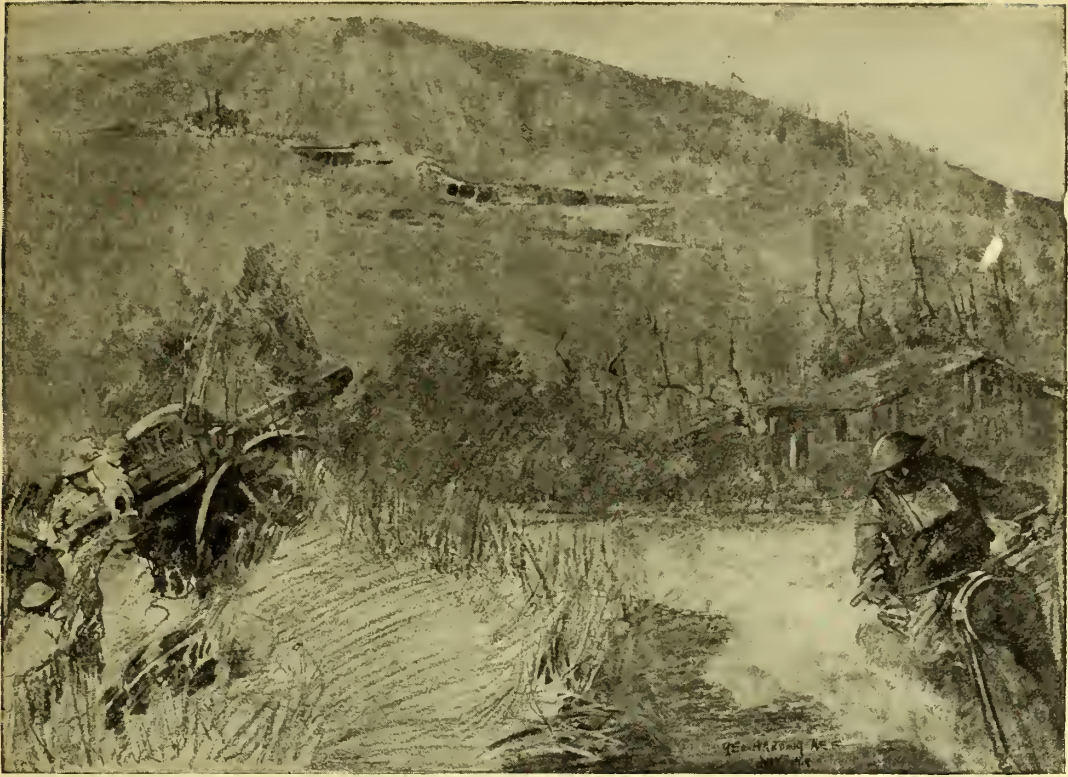
WHEN a tower goes up and a well goes down one of two things happens—oil or gas is brought in or it is not. In the first instance pump replaces drill and the tower is free to move on. It is sledged off confidently, a distance ordinarily not less than 100 yards so as not to "offset" the previous well, and a new shaft is sunk. In case of a dry hole the next move depends a good deal on whether the backers of the project still have money and hopes. They generally have the hopes, but it takes money to influence a drilling crew. Dry holes represent an expenditure of from \$40,000 to \$150,000. It costs that much to put down a well, but "dusters" are not always a dead loss. They serve to outline the boundaries of the oil sands.

An oil field never sleeps. The night shift carries on by the light of a thousand hissing gas flares whose quivering glow reddens the sky. Oil workers live in camps, "stringtowns" they call them, because the shacks are disposed sometimes for miles on either side of the country roads. On the human side they reveal traits which mark the camps of men in the open the world over. Oil camps, cow camps, lumber camps, mining camps, the camps of soldiers in the field—they are brothers.

Old-timers who recall the cow camps of the Indian Territory, however, may find a stringtown tame by comparison. The soda fountain fills the niche of honor formerly accorded the rip-roaring western saloon. Pool has replaced faro and roulette. The movie has shouldered in, without antecedents, but popular. Barn-like dance halls exude a social atmosphere that is a little reminiscent of other times and other manners. While not much on formality, they are strong on decency. From field to field fit the women of the oldest profession, and their fellow-problem, the bootlegger. Theirs is a harassed existence.

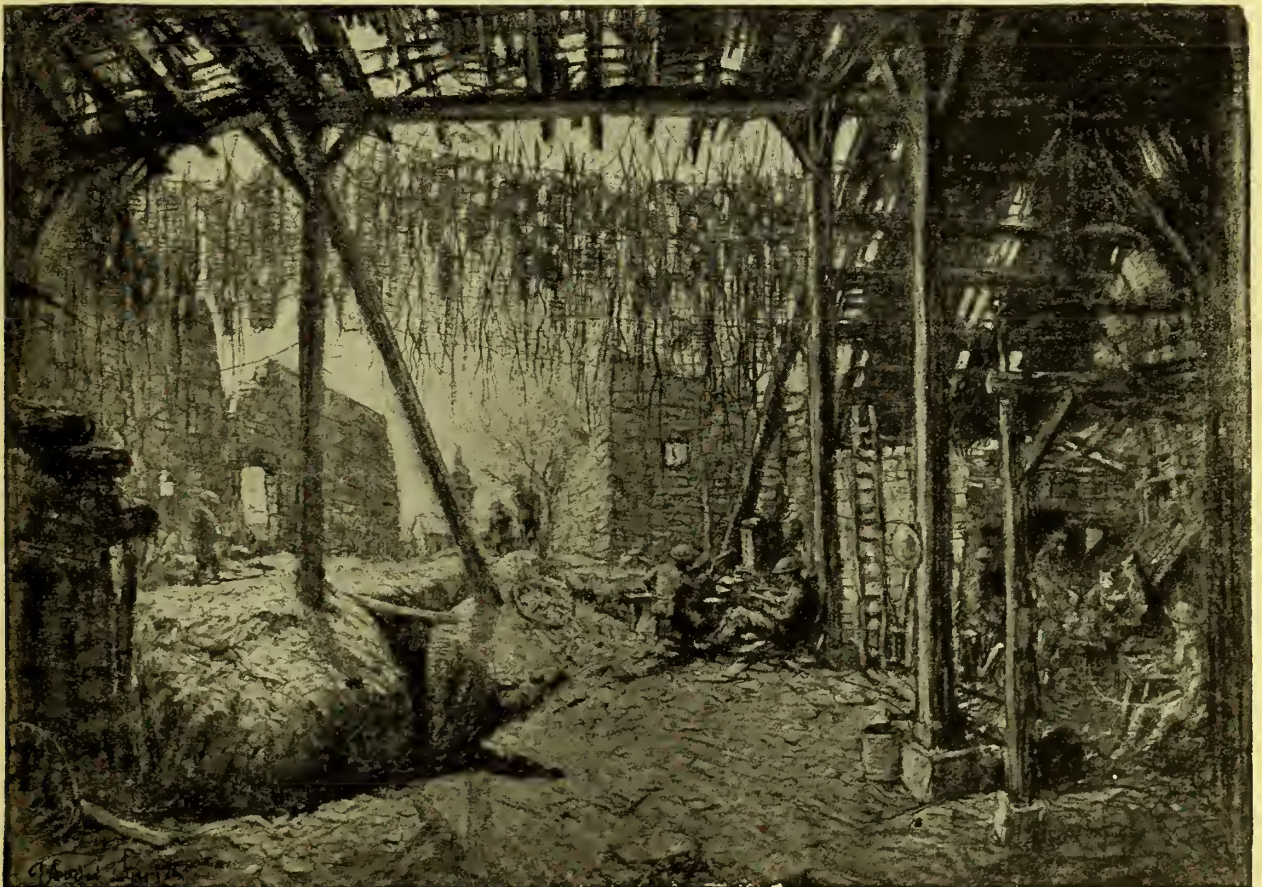
(Continued on page 28)

Scenes of Yesterday



Painted by George Harding

Dispatch rider near Vienne La Chateau



Painted by J. André Smith

A gateway to the front—Rambucourt

Standing on One Arm and Two Feet

No Demand Here for the Morale Section

By THOMAS R. CALLAHAN

I HAVE gone through the past year with an empty left sleeve, and, thanks to the Imperial German Government, I will go through the remaining years of my life in that condition.

To those of my buddies who have also returned home with permanent souvenirs of the big show I address this article, and I hope it will be of interest to them. It is my intention, if possible, to give them the benefits of the numerous little tricks I have learned during my twelve months in civies, months in which I came fully to realize the practical value of that old slogan: "While there's life there's hope."

You will remember a few years back when some kindly disposed person would take us by the hand and warn us against the pitfalls and dangers that beset the paths of youth. It is my purpose to take you fellows by the hand through the instrumentality of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, our own paper, and attempt to acquaint you with the dangers ahead.

First of all, you must avoid well meaning friends, through whose kindness you will be rendered less efficient. If you tolerate their well-meant kindnesses, you will find yourself making no progress whatsoever toward rehabilitation, and one year from today you will be just as helpless as you were the day you got "winged." By this, I do not mean to speak disparagingly of the well-meant and kindly ministrations of your dear old mother or dad or the tender assistance of your sister or brother; but these acts of kindness and assistance should be confined in their scope to those acts only which you are absolutely unable to perform for yourself.

It is reasonable to expect that in their delight at having us with them once more, despite our present condition, they will "baby" us to extremes. There is but one thing to do, and it is to be done now. That is: gently, but firmly, refuse any favors from them which you can possibly do without or secure for yourself. By this means only you will reeducate yourself to your new condition and overcome the handicap which Heinie gave us.

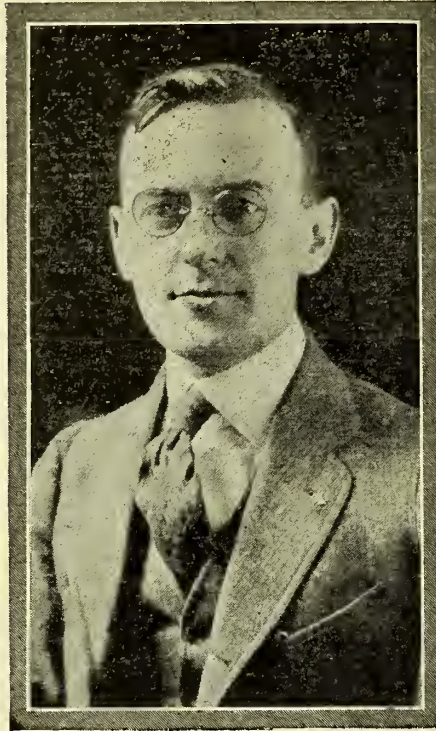
THE logical question and the proper one you will put to me mentally is: That is good reading matter, perhaps, but how can I do the hundred and one things I used to do before the "scrap?" I will answer it by showing you briefly how I have proven the decision of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, that I was not permanently disabled.

These things I am going to point out to you will be hard to do without a practical demonstration, but they are sufficient in their nature to set your brain to working to dope out something similar for yourself.

First of all, I had no parents. I went out from a small furnished room, and to the small furnished room I returned.

God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to call both of my parents to Him, and I am now one of five sons, the other four of whom are married and in whose homes I am known as "Uncle Tom."

With this condition of affairs you can



Thomas R. Callahan

Can you lace your shoes with one hand? Can you tie a four-in-hand tie similarly equipped? Mr. Callahan says it's a cinch, and he is an authority. He has been doing those and many other things to his own satisfaction since he lost his arm in the war. Mr. Callahan, who is historian of Quincy Post No. 95, of The American Legion, blames the Imperial German Government for the loss of his arm, but he says no one but himself will be at fault if he lets it act as a handicap. And judging by the spirit of his article he doesn't need the services of the Morale Section.

readily see what splendid opportunities I possessed for putting my "self-service" theory into practice. First of all, I woke up in a hotel and was confronted with the problem of getting into a uniform, unaided, having left the base hospital the night before. This feat was accomplished without a great deal of difficulty, but not without an immense amount of patience. Then came the first great obstacle—shoe strings. I

looked around the room until my gaze rested on a chair having rungs in the lower section. Placing one shoe lace on the bottom rung, I put my foot down hard on it. Then I threw the second lace over the first and lashed it in a single knot, then tied a single bow, tucking the ends in the tops of my shoes. Try it—it's a cinch.

THEN came the black string tie worn with the shirt. I tied this in a four-in-hand knot by holding one end in my teeth and throwing the other over just as it is ordinarily done. In a moment of anger I pulled the underneath string and to my surprise the knot bounded up. I now began to pull it gently from side to side and all the while the knot kept getting closer to the shirt collar until I finally got it there in place. Victory No. 2! Try that one, too. It's easy.

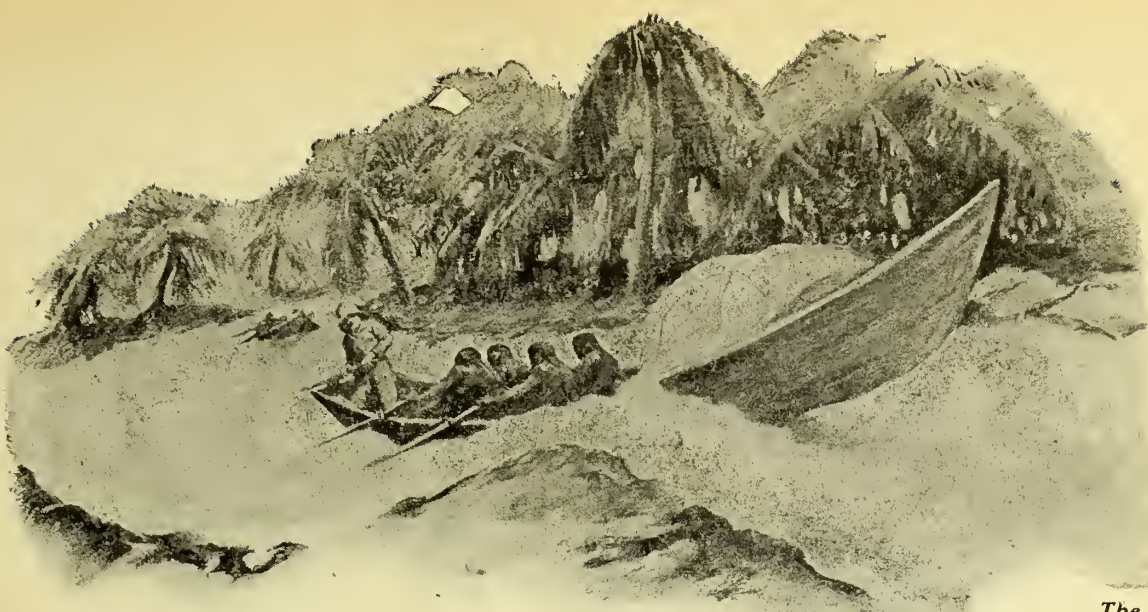
I got home and almost immediately bought a suit of civies. Then came the third objective, yet unencountered, hence unconquered. How to get the left-hand button hole on the collar was the next question. Searching around I found a button hook, and, placing it in through the button hole just as is done on button shoes, I looped it over the collar button and pulled to the right in an upward movement, and it was over the collar button. I released the button hook just as you do in shoes, and the collar was on. The tie process was just the same as that described above.

Beware of combination knives and forks. Some time you're going to be invited out to dinner, and if you haven't got your patent tools you are going to be out of luck. Don't start using them and you won't have any trouble. Simply take your fork, bear down heavy on the thick end and you will be surprised how easy you can cut cold or thin meats. Of course with steak and beef you will have to have someone cut it.

And now for shaving. A great many people say that I cannot pull the flesh taut with the other hand, a seemingly necessary operation in shaving. The underneath part of the face right beneath the ear can be got at by pushing the cheek away out with the tongue, thus stretching the skin. A safety razor with a beveled edge drawn slowly and firmly across the cheek in a downward diagonal direction will easily remove the hairs. The blade must of necessity be sharp. Stropping is done as usual, except that in place of the missing hand a string is fastened from the free end of the strop to something firm.

The washing of your remaining hand can be accomplished by holding a nail-brush in your teeth, after first thoroughly wetting it. Then draw your soap across it, working up a good lather. Then you draw your hand in the same fashion, changing the direction of the stroke to get at the different parts. The nails are cleaned by placing the file between the

(Continued on page 34)



The Drive

By ROBERT MOORMAN PARKS

"YES," Harlow, the big lumberman and capitalist of Portland was saying, "my friends in Louisville want another logger for their African camps, and they prefer men from the northwest, on account of their river driving experience. You'll have to sign a contract for two years—they have to ask that because of the high cost of getting men there and back."

"A mighty long time," put in Burton, "and if I remember correctly the Gold Coast climate is nothing to write home about."

"That's true," admitted Harlow, "but then the pay is pretty good and it ought to be fine experience for you. Do you remember Jim Reed? I believe you were with him on one of the company's Washington properties some time ago. Well, these people wanted a man a couple of years back and I sent Jim to them. He certainly has made good. They made him general manager of the whole of their African logging operations last year."

"Jim Reed," mused Hal, "do I remember Jim? Well I reckon! A good pal—a darn good pal."

Away from the narrow confines of the office, his thoughts roamed back to rigorous logging days in Washington State—the spring drive, when the river-men brought down the logs, hurtling along on the swirling icy waters of the flooding streams, action galore; when a fall might easily mean death and a man trusted to his stout pike pole, his well-caulked boots, and God.

Then, again, the long nights in the crude bunkhouse, the roaring of the angry winds through the giant forest outside, the pleasant smell of the crackling wood in the red hot stove, with he and Jim Reed talking by the lantern light.

"I'll go, Mr. Harlow," he said finally, "sign me up. I'll be glad to work with Jim Reed again."

"Good," smiled Harlow. "I'm sorry to lose you but want to be sure that any man I recommend to my Louisville friends will deliver the goods, and I know you'll not disappoint me. Here's lots of luck and a safe voyage to you."

A week later found Burton in New York, beginning to realize for the first time that there was a war on in Europe. Even more immured than the average self-sufficient American of that time, November, 1916, he had been for the most part of the war period shut off in the remote forests of the northwest, where only the faintest rumblings of the far-off struggle had penetrated. True, one or two of his Canuck loggers had felt the call and gone quietly on their way, and he had heard some talk of it on his more or less hectic semi-annual invasions of the gregarious society of Portland and Seattle, but only after he had struggled with a mass of humanity for three hours in the British Consul's office, trying to get his passport vised, did he come to think of the war as an affair which might possibly concern him personally.

HE found much more food for thought at sea when he saw an English liner, only a faint smudge in the darkness, though very close, sink by furtively with all portholes darkened and not a light on deck. He pictured her captain, worn and haggard, pacing the bridge through the long hours of the night, and it seemed queer that his ship, the *Kroonland*, should be plunging gayly along, dancers swaying to the latest waltz, decks blazing with incandescence and banks of lights swung outboard to illumine the huge Stars and Stripes painted on her sides, looking for all the world like a bit of Times Square which had slipped its moorings and blown out to sea.

Then there was the little Canadian girl, wonderfully attractive, to whom he

The two white men pushed on with two boatloads at a madman's pace.

often talked as she lay back in her steamer chair with her eternal knitting. She was going over, she said, to join her husband, who lay wounded in a London hospital. She sang one night at the big progressive whist party in the lounge, given for the benefit of a soldiers' tobacco fund, sang "The Sunshine of Your Smile," and unconsciously put such infinite pathos into it that Burton felt uncomfortably like a stranger with no part to play, out of it all.

Later, finding that it would be five days before his boat sailed from Liverpool for the West Coast, he went down to London and discovered that there he was even more malapropos. The only men of his own age he met were men in khaki or in hospital blue, with tired eyes, and once, on returning at midnight to his hotel, he watched the unloading of a hospital train at Charing Cross station. They carried the litters out to the ambulances, which waited at the curb until loaded, darting off one by one with their precious freight down the Strand. In the half light from the shaded street lamps, the dismal avenue seemed to mourn their coming.

He had hardly gone to sleep that night when he awoke, with a start, to hear explosions, a number of them, which seemed to get nearer and nearer. Dressing hurriedly, he rushed out into the hall and encountered a crowd of people in various stages of undress, all clamoring madly for the lift to take them to the cellars. Sharp reports from close above told Burton that the anti-aircraft gun which he knew to be on the roof was in action. He found a little back stairway and ascended to the roof, having no trouble in passing the sentry, who stood by the trap-door gaping at the sky.

Crouching unseen under a parapet, he tried to see what was going on up above, but his eyes were unused to the dark. Subconsciously he was aware of the barking of the nearby gun, and of the purr of airplanes going up to meet the foe. It seemed an interminable time,

but was in reality but a few moments, before the gun crew ceased firing and sent up a rousing cheer. Off to the south, a burning mass like a brilliant comet—the Zeppelin plunging down and down to its fate.

Quietly he made his way back to the room and sat on the edge of his bed for half an hour, turning the thing over and over in his mind.

"God," he said to himself at last, "these people are fighting for their very existence."

It was strange how the remembrance of his name affixed to a two-year contract annoyed him more and more.

The seventeen-day voyage on one of Elder Dempster's boats from Liverpool to the West Coast was a very different affair from the trans-Atlantic trip. However, the darkened portholes and unlighted deck with which they slipped through the submarine zone quite belied the gayety within. Several women, the wives of colonial officials, who apparently have a special knack for marrying attractive girls—the good Lord knows they need them in some of the far-off holes assigned by their benevolent government—and about two dozen young sub-alterns of the army graced the passenger list. With this agreeable company, the never-ending musicales, bridge, and an encouraging flow of wine, the days became more and more pleasant as they approached the tropics and went by as if winged.

BURTON grew quite intimate with several of the young officers, who were all veterans of campaigns. As a kind of reward for wounds and service they had been assigned to duty with the West African Frontier Forces in Nigeria, to train native Hausa troops. In any case, they looked upon the assignment as a reward, and from their talk it seemed that they were anticipating a year of polo playing and sipping cool liquids on shaded bungalow verandahs at Lagos.

On rare occasions Burton succeeded in cornering one of them and cajoling him into talking of the war. After the thrilling simplicity of some fighting tale he would lie back puffing soberly at his pipe, his eyes staring out beyond the distant horizon, the full realization of what was going on behind him in the theaters of battle, of all that he was sailing away from, getting deeper and deeper under his skin. Always he came back to the inevitable reality that his name was signed to a contract tying him to Africa for two years. He was slowly beginning to develop some leniency of thought towards the German idea of treating obnoxious documents as "scraps of paper."

The ship did not call at Axim, where the logging company offices were located, so Burton bade his soldier friends good-bye and landed at Secondee, some sixty odd miles farther down the coast.

His spirits revived, somewhat, with the prospect of soon seeing Jim Reed

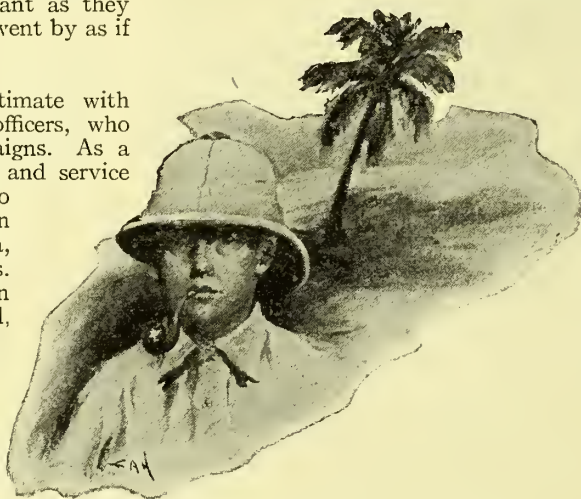
again. Having established himself at Allan's, the lone hotel of the town, he found that the journey to Axim was a hard two-day trek along the beach and that it would be necessary to form a party of cook, porters, and hammock boys, so he decided to wire for instructions. Not liking to burst in on Jim with the usual curt epigrams of business, he thought best to employ more genial and friendly language at his own expense.

"Greetings," he composed, "also salutations. Your old buddy has come out of the West to assist you in spreading the gospel of the eagle. Shall I advance on you with fitting cavalcade, or what? Best regards. Hal."

When this effusion had been dispatched he deposited himself in the lounge at Allan's, calling vigorously for liquids to cool and soothe him after his exhausting literary effort. When the reply came, after two hours had ticked monotonously by, it was not at all what he had expected.

"Welcome," ran the answer, "await my arrival Secondee. Ajax Logging Co., By Reed, General Manager."

Rather queer, pondered Hal. And why the pomp and splendor of official title? It was not at all typical of the Jim Reed of old.



His pipe was his only solace.

HOWEVER, the instructions were quite easy to carry out, so Hal settled down at Allan's to wait. Before long the inaction became very irksome. He tried playing pool, but could develop no liking for the vastness of Allan's English billiard table, and got little pleasure out of the game. During the day he read or walked about the town, sometimes going down to the beach to watch the natives carrying bags of cocoa in and out of the warehouses. At night he played bridge and drank Scotch and sodas with an American who was in the employ of a British trading firm and several Englishmen whom he met at the hotel.

When he had been waiting about a week a thing happened which awoke all of the old longings for a part in the war. He was reading in the lounge on the upper floor of the hotel one sweltering sticky afternoon, when one of the servant

boys came in, burdened with hand luggage and leading an army captain, who followed serenely with unruffled British calm to a room opening upon the lounge. In the soldier's wake came a civilian, a sallow, shrunken scarecrow of a man, who also entered the room. Burton could hear him exhorting the steward to put things in order, and threatening the direst punishment if he did not give the captain every attention and comfort possible.

After a time the steward boy came out, followed shortly by the civilian, who bade the officer a courteous good-bye and closed the door carefully, as if afraid that he might awaken some sleeping child.

Seeing Burton for the first time, he advanced toward him, flailing his arms and obviously at high tension.

"D'you see that man?" he asked, pointing towards the closed door, "I'd lick his boots!"

"He went through Mons, wounded there—went through it all. Through it all, I tell you," he shouted at the passive Burton. "Ah, that retreat from Mons! If I could only have been there to help, to do my bit."

The man affected Burton deeply. He was a mere scarecrow, thin and bony, burned and dried by years in the tropic sun, yet he was so dead in earnest that Burton stiffened with attention.

"I applied for a commission three times," the man went on, "and three times they turned me down. Said I had been too long in the tropics and wasn't fit for active duty. Eighteen years I've been down here. But today," his voice raised again, tears glistened in his eyes and his face shone with the delirious happiness of an almost fanatic joy, "today I got word that I had been accepted as a lieutenant for tropical service. Saturday I sail to join our frontier forces against the Germans in East Africa."

Like a drunken man, he lurched uncertainly to the stairs and down to the bar, loudly demanding whisky and soda.

Burton, feeling that a man's soul had been bared to his gaze, fell into a reverie. Across the kaleidoscope of his mind passed quickly the pictures of gallant men in khaki, rattling guns and caissons, horses galloping into action, airplanes whirling up to heaven—and very little of mahogany logs and two-year contracts.

HE had been in Secondee two weeks and was entirely fed up with the enforced loafing when Reed arrived.

It was hardly a pretty picture, that evening at dusk when the weary party filed into the courtyard. The porters relieved themselves of their head loads and fell, utterly fagged out, to sleep on the hard, sun-baked floor; and the hammock boys stumbled in, drooping with their human freight. Reed, snarling at them in pigeon English for their slowness and clumsiness, tumbled out of the hammock. He must have forgotten, thought Burton, that sixty miles in two days, with heavy loads and along a sandy beach, is a man-killing trek.

"Hello, Burton," was all that he said, "how are you? Here, Allee," to his

The five-hour ride to Dunkwa was uneventful. Their conversation was sparse and on purely logging topics, for after one venture into the realm of small talk, Hal felt that it was useless.

"Rather new to me," he had said, "this

Burton could think of no objection, actual or moral, to lying on his cot and allowing the boy to remove his boots—he had done enough for the day. Later, while indulging in a mock bath in the collapsible canvas tub, he got on very intimate terms with the African sand-fly, for at dusk these unforgettable and voracious pests were out in great numbers looking for just such game.

Jim remained reticent, his mind apparently occupied with managerial problems. He spent most of his time poring over maps and consulting papers.

The second day was not so wearisome, the distance to camp being only twenty miles, and the party took things easier, filing into the bungalow clearing well before dusk. Jameson, the logger whom Hal was to relieve, was overjoyed to see them, not having seen a white man since Reed's last visit two months before. Burton was almost as glad to see him, for the two days in Reed's company had been utterly disappointing.

Breakfasting at dawn, the trio superintended the calling of

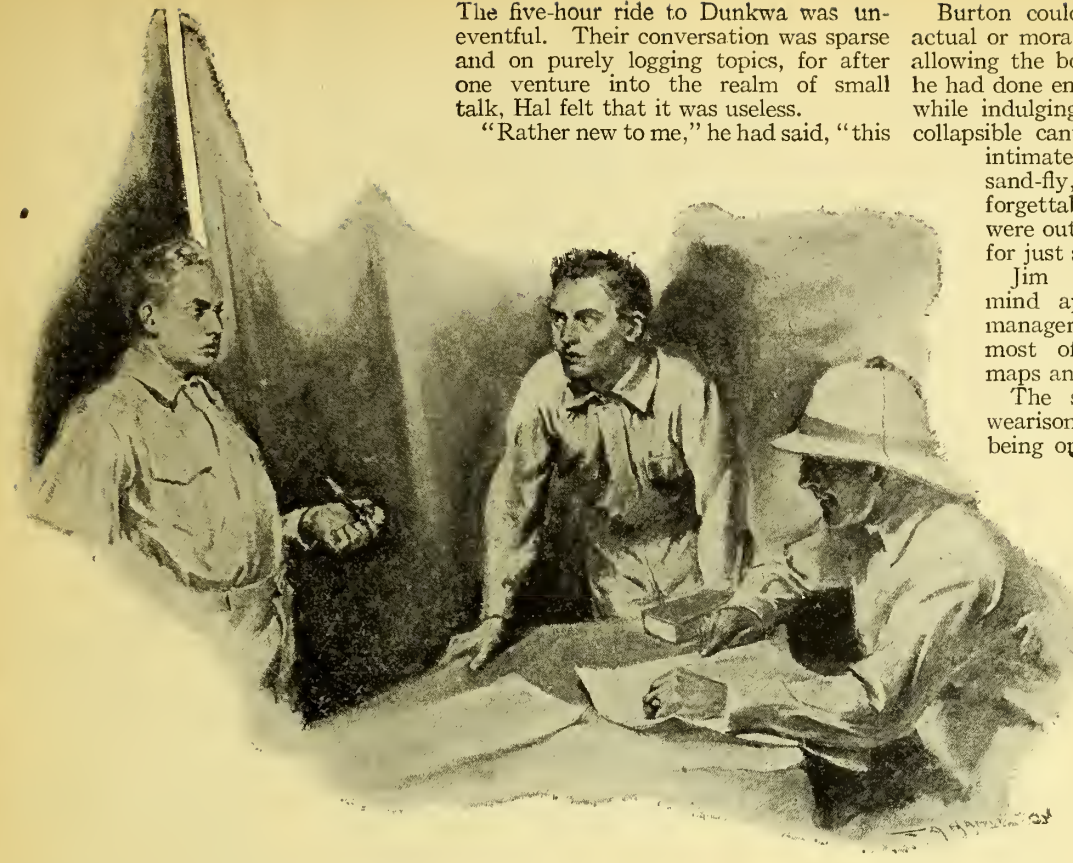
the rolls from the bungalow verandah. There were three hundred native laborers from the bamboo village across the gully, the headmen, axmen and sawyers; the hunters, who went through the jungle marking mahogany trees; road boys to cut the way for the logs through the bush to the streams; roller boys, who cut and placed the rollers over which the logs were dragged; and last but far from least the hauling team of over a hundred boys.

Squatting on their haunches, a weird and motley crew in the half-light of the misty tropic dawn, they rose and answered "Sah" to their names as called by the native clerk, and filed off one by one to the bush.

The three white men donned their helmets presently and followed to the workings. It was a busy scene—the sawyers and axmen plying their tools on the rude platforms built about the large buttress roots of the mahogany until the huge tree fell with a thunderous cracking and roar into the jungle's bosom. Other axmen cleared away the brush around the fallen giants, still others were sawing the trees into three or four logs, and finally there was the hauling team.

AS long as he was to live Burton was never to forget that first sight of an African hauling team dragging a mahogany log along the tunnel-like path cut through the jungle. The caustic sun filtered sparingly through the thick matted brush overhead on to the sweating naked shoulders of a hundred blacks. Swinging the long ropes in unison, they sang their wild chants in the native gibberish. The "jebow" men, or exhorters,

(Continued on page 28)



The three white men held a conference that night over blueprint maps.

steward boy, "bring some fruit to my room, and some water for a bath."

Hal followed him upstairs and sat watching while Reed pulled off his clothes.

"Would you like something to drink sent up?" he asked, after several minutes silence.

"Drink?" rasped the other. "No. Can't afford to—these Britishers can do it but they don't work like we do. I'm going to have a bath, eat a little fruit and go to bed. You'd better do the same; we start up-country at daylight. Will you tell that boy of mine to hop along one-time with the water as you go out?"

With this dismissal, Hal went down to his supper. He did go to bed early, but at twelve was awakened by revelry in the bar beneath. He had forgotten that it was New Year's night. Someone was playing the warped and jangling piano, playing, of all things, "My Home in Tennessee." For an hour he lay sleepless, wondering and pondering—it was the first time he had ever known Jim Reed to refuse a sociable drink.

He was awakened at daylight by his newly acquired steward, but found Reed ahead of him in the courtyard, marshalling the porters. The hammock boys were to be left in Secondee, as the jungle paths were not wide enough for the hammocks.

After a hasty breakfast, they succeeded in herding their party aboard the combination freight and passenger train of the narrow gauge, and slipped off in the early morning mists for the bush.

idea of having a boy to bathe you, dress you, and steady your lily white hand while you sip your tea. I've gotten along for twenty-six years without having a valet to pull off my boots."

"Yes?" Jim had replied with a thin, knowing smile, "you'll be glad enough to lie on your cot and have 'em pulled off for you after your first good day's hike."

SUCH was to be the case, for after an afternoon spent in securing supplies at Dunkwa, Burton rose at dawn the next morning to start on the most gruelling day's journey he had ever experienced. Unused to the close tropical heat, he perspired freely and called for the canteen bearer more often than was good for him. His feet seemed to be of lead and his pith helmet felt like a sixty-pound porter's load. Up hill and down, they pushed steadily on through the only partially cut bush paths until, at nightfall, they reached the little village which was their objective.

Evicting a grey-bearded patriarch and his family, they took possession of the most promising mud hut and had their cots set up in the little courtyard. The old man ran about shouting native gibberish and throwing his supplicating arms up to heaven at this outrage, but a few shillings changed him into a most obliging host and restored peace. A portion of the family, namely, some dozen fowls and two or three goats, refused to take the eviction seriously and persisted in wandering at will through the courtyard and into the hut.

BURSTS and DUDS



A traveler driving along a wooded road was much annoyed by a drove of hogs which crossed and recrossed his path continually. Meeting a farmer, he asked the reason for their peculiar action.

"Them's my hogs," said the farmer huskily. "I lost my voice a while ago and had to rap for them at meal times. Now the blamed woodpeckers are drivin' them crazy."

Passenger (after first night on board ship): "I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?"

Steward: "Where did you put them last night?"

Passenger: "I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there."

Steward: "I see no cupboard, sir."

Passenger: "Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it."

Steward: "Lor' bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's the port hole."—*N. Y. Globe.*

Out west, a brakeman, while running over his freight train, stepped between two cars and fell to the ground. A crowd gathered to pick up the fragments, but the man rose, examined the car, and snorted. "Huh! No wonder I fell through. I thought that was a forty-foot car instead of a thirty-footer."

A soldier's wife said to her little boy one night: "Now, Tommy, come say your prayers and go to bed. Say them nicely, now."

"Our Father who art in Heaven—only I know he ain't. He's in the sergeant's mess."

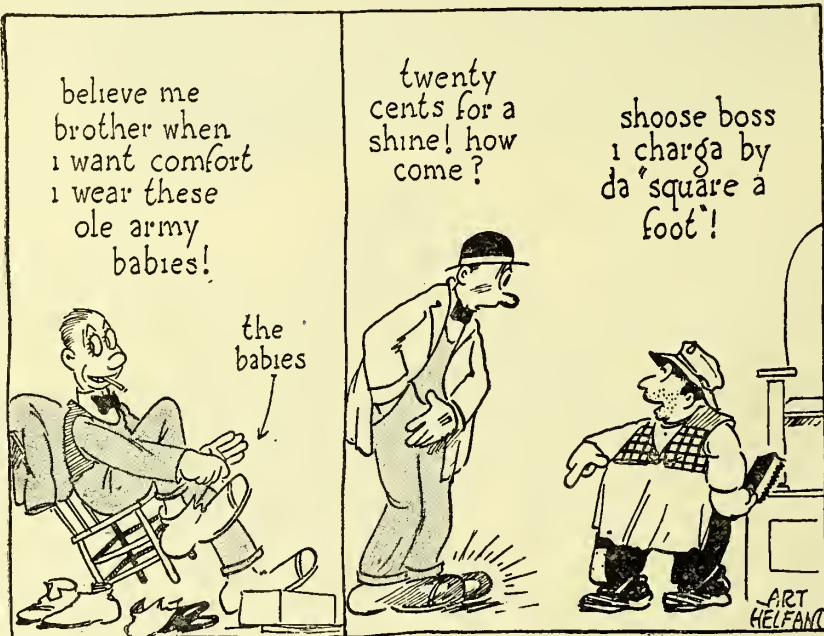
Just as the train emerged from the long tunnel the talkative old gentleman in the front seat turned around to the bride and groom behind him and said, "Just think of it! That tunnel cost half a million dollars to build."

"Well," said the groom, smacking his lips, "I'll say it was worth it."

The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

Prize winners last week were: J. H. Sexton, Lowell, Mass.; J. A. Askew, Milwaukee, Wis.; Walter E. Kiefer, New York City; Donald J. Howard, Altoona, Pa.; G. W. J. Blume, Richmond, Va.; Earl T. Ross, Reno, Nevada; Andrew F. Richer, Manchester, N. H.; Russell D. Schuler, Washington, N. J.

The regiment had been through various mills from Bordeaux to Boston, and the men were thoroughly weary of being continually lined up on slight provocation. First—they would be ordered to line up in payroll order, and then in alphabetical order. At last one company was called on for a baggage detail; as



He had to cover a large area.

the men appeared in the company street a doughboy sang out: "Fall in, here, men, according to ambition!"

A poverty-stricken minister was very indignant because the loan shark was charging him nine per cent interest.

"Don't you know that the law says seven is the maximum?" he demanded. "And besides, the Bible says that you shouldn't take usury. When the Lord looks down from Heaven he sees you sinning."

"Not at all, not at all," answered the loan shark lightly. "When the Lord looks down from Heaven that nine looks like a six to Him."

Jackie: "Does your pop know anything about music, Tommy?"

Tommy, whose father is a policeman: "Oh, yes. I just heard him tell another policeman how many bars there are to a beat."

"Guess my dad is better than yours," asserted Archie. "The king touched him on the shoulder and made him a knight."

"Nothing to that," scoffed Willie. "A feller hit my dad on the head and made him an angel."



Aunt Milda was visiting her nephew Jack, who had just returned from the arctic breezes of North Russia.

"It was awfully cold, wasn't it?" she asked.

"It was. Sometimes we couldn't even go out, it was so cold."

"How could you tell when it was so cold, unless you went out first?"

"We used to stick the point of the bayonet through the key-hole and if it froze off we stayed indoors."

They were rehearsing for the opera when the conductor was nearly frightened out of his boots by a terrific blast from the trombone player in the corner.

"What are you doing?" roared the conductor.

"I'm sorry, sir," came the reply. "It was a fly on my music. But," he added with just a touch of professional pride, "I played him."—*Binghamton Press.*

"Did you read about that French Army aviator who made 314 loops in one flight the other day?"

"Lucky dog! I've had that sensation myself, but not since last June."

"Uncle Phil, why do you go to see that movie every night?"

"Hush, boy. You know that scene where the diving nymphs appear, and then a train goes by and hides them from view? Well, some day that durned train will be late."

Mr. Greene, just arrived in town, stepping into the bank: "I'm looking for an old friend of mine, Mr. Clarke. He used to be cashier here. Has he left the bank?"

Manager, dejectedly: "Yes, he's left the bank. That's about all he did leave."



The Conquering Hero

"HELLO."
 "Yea."
 "What's that?"
 "No. How should I recognize yer voice?"
 "Who be ye?"
 "What! Not really?"
 "Well, bless my heart! And I didn't even know yer voice! Are ye all right, boy—safe and sound?"
 "Maybe yer mother and me won't be glad to see ye!... Say, when did ye land?"
 "Had to wait over to get yer discharge, eh?"
 "I see. When'll ye be out?"
 "On the 5.35?"
 "You bet! I'll get out the old buggy and be there to meet ye."
 "What?"
 "Why won't it do?"
 "Course it's big enough. Shucks! Ye must think yer old dad's got fat while ye were away.... Maybe I have, too; but I can still squeeze into half a buggy seat!"
 "I don't understand. Will ye have a lot of baggage with ye or what?"



"Now that you're out of the army what are you going to do?"
 "Stay out."

"What have ye got then?"
 "How in blazes should I guess?"
 "Somethin' alive?"
 "Oh pshaw! I suppose ye've brought home one of them German police dogs with ye."
 "It ain't one of them war orphans, then, is it?"
 "W-h-a-t! Not really?"
 "Well, I'll be durned! And ye never wrote us a word about it!"
 "All right, son. I'll borrow Squire Crawford's car and come down to the station for ye in that.... I say, wait a minute. Does she speak English?"
 "Nothin' but French?... Well, did ye ever?"

Sherman Was Wrong

THE night the armistice was signed, was a wild one in Paris. All restrictions were off. Everyone was happy and saluted everyone else French fashion as they met on the boulevards. All American soldiers were kissed to their hearts' content. Buttons and overseas caps were stolen by the souveniring mademoiselles.

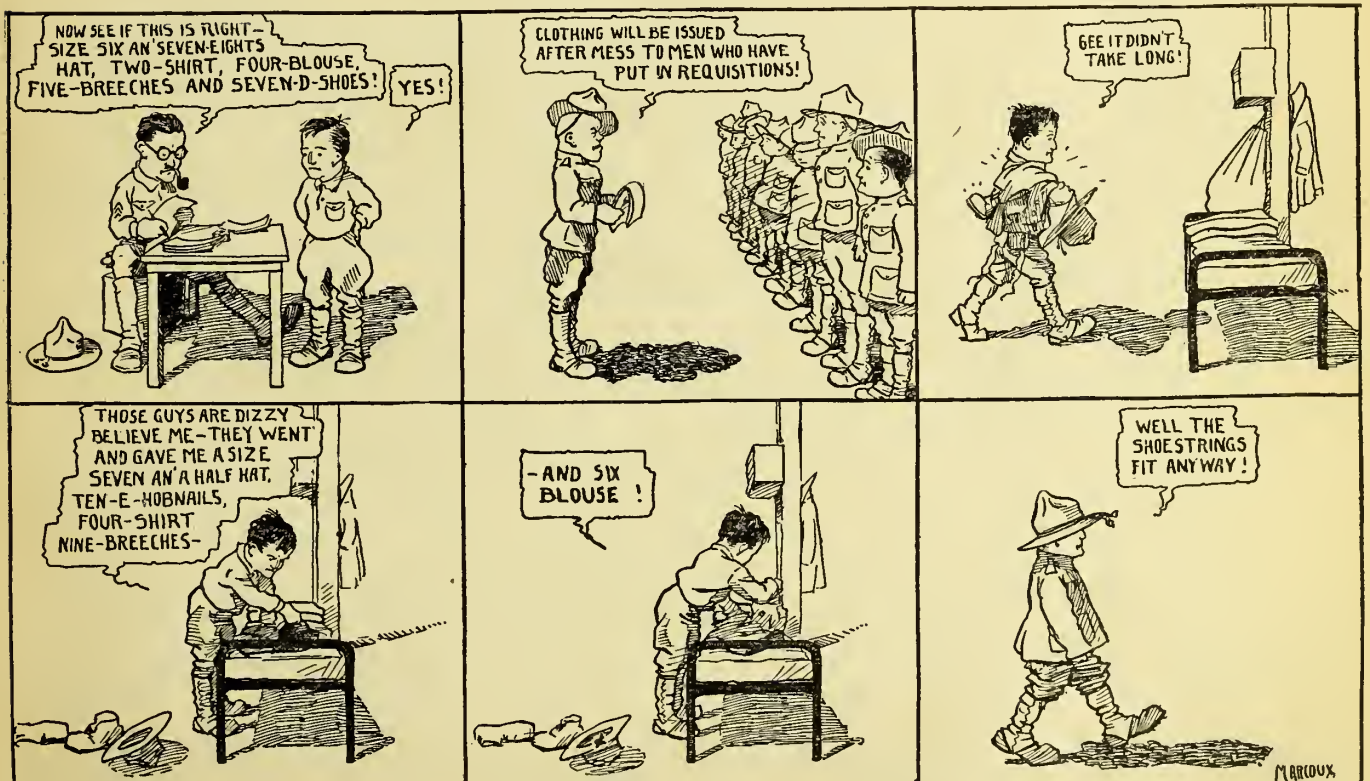
Along towards midnight up the Boulevard des Italiens staggered a big black colored boy. His coat was open to the breeze, all its buttons gone, and his head bare. Evidently his cap had also gone to swell someone's collection. As he turned one corner, two chic mademoiselles grabbed him. One kissed him on one cheek and one on the other. It was too much for the darkey. Throwing both arms in the air, he cried fervently: "O Lordy! what Mistah Sherman said about war's a lie! Dis sho' must be hebbben!"

Verboten

Coming back from France, some eighteen hundred men spent sixteen days on a small liner that had no mess hall for the soldiers. Ordinarily, they got their chow and went on deck to eat it, but when it rained they were not even allowed above decks. They were never certain just where they could go, because guards kept popping up everywhere with the remark, "You can't sit there," or "You can't stand here."

One day a doughboy who had gone on deck with his mess only to be sent below again slipped on the non-skid ladder. The food flew everywhere and the soldier landed at the bottom in a sitting position. As he sat there collecting his faculties, a guard hurried up.

"You can't eat there, buddy," he announced.



Did it ever happen to you?

BULLETIN BOARD

One of the most important recommendations of the National Convention was that a National Americanism Commission be created to realize in the United States the ideal of one hundred per cent Americanism. Arthur Woods, former assistant to the Secretary of War in charge of re-employment work for veterans, has been appointed chairman of this Commission.

In order that the Commission may have the cooperation of all members of the Legion and the benefit of their suggestions and advice, the following recommendations are offered:

That a department committee be appointed in each department to carry out Americanism activities within the department.

That the chairman of each department committee be the representative in that department of the National Americanism Commission.

That the National Commission be informed immediately of the status of any Americanism campaign already under way in departments or in posts.

That the chairman of each department committee be appointed at once and its name forwarded to the National Commander.

That the chairmen of department committees attend a conference of all the chairmen of department Americanism committees to be held in Indianapolis, January 19, 1920.

The French government is preparing engraved certificates for the nearest relative of each soldier, sailor, or marine, who died in the war. These certificates will be distributed on Washington's birthday this year under the auspices of the Legion and of the Army. In the near future 114,000 will be forwarded to recruiting officers throughout the country; these officers will be instructed by the Adjutant General to get in touch with state commanders of the Legion, who will have charge of the distribution by departments. In every city or town where there is a local post, the certificates will be presented to the individuals under the auspices of the post.

Sidney Milinsky, seaman, U. S. N., climbed over the gates of a New York elevated train in his hurry to reach his ship, which was about to sail. He was arrested and taken before a magistrate who listened to his story, said nothing, but put Milinsky in a taxi and paid his fare back to his ship.

Before the old year ended, President Wilson signed the Sweet Bill, which amended the War Risk Insurance Act in such a way as to make possible the

payment of insurance in a lump sum and to enlarge the class of beneficiaries. The bill, recommended by the Legion, marked the first big victory by the Legion in constructive legislation. The bill was rushed through following the conference of Legion workers with Congress late in December.

Circumstances alter cases. More than seventy officers in the Army of Occupation have started a class to learn German, while over here we are busy trying to prevent that very pastime.

SCARED CONTEST

What is the worst scare of your war experience, over here or over there? Everybody knows that every man who went under heavy fire was more or less scared. Otherwise it might not have been particularly creditable to have stood up under the trying ordeal. And over here there were times when you felt your hair come to the perpendicular. Remember the first night you went on guard, about two o'clock in the morning?

The WEEKLY offers three prizes for scare stories—\$25, \$15 and \$10—and will pay for others accepted. No manuscripts over five hundred words accepted. Write on one side of the paper and give your former organization. All manuscripts must be mailed February 15, 1920. No manuscripts will be returned. Address Scare Contest Editor.

That there should be an additional office of assistant secretary of labor, with jurisdiction over all immigration matters, deportation of alien draft slackers, and strengthening of the border patrol service against undesirables is a recommendation contained in the annual report made by Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner General of Immigration.

Harry Ingersoll Post No. 174, of Philadelphia, has the following representation in National and State Legion activities: Frank D'Olier, National Commander; John W. Brock, Jr., Finance Officer, Pennsylvania Department; Reverend Father Joseph L. Wolfe, Department Chaplain; and Otto R. Heiligman and Charles Biddle, past and present finance officers to the Philadelphia County Committee.

The band that played the memorial airs when President Wilson spoke in Suresnes, France, is now the Cecil Fogg Post Band, of Hyde Park, Mass. It played at a December ball of Malden Post No. 69 and was a big feature in making the dance the success that it was.

Stands of colors for Legion posts can be ordered through National Headquarters at any time. The price is reasonable and the quality the best.

An unusually successful show was given by Milton Lafayette Bishop Post No. 301, Connellsville, Pa. Forty-two new members were secured as a result, and other posts in the vicinity have been asking the Connellsville Post for the secret of the success. Harry M. Percy of that post announces that he will gladly answer any questions put by posts that want to increase their membership and treasuries by making use of local theatrical talent.

A British captain is organizing an African hunt to track the wicked brontosaurus to its lair in Kafir land. He has received an impassioned plea from an old lady to spare the reptile should he meet it. The lady is a member of the Wild Birds Protective Association.

"Non-political, non-sectarian, composed of brave men from every city, village, and hamlet of the nation, from the farms, the factories, and the counting rooms, it has adopted for its creed a great slogan, Americanism," says the *Metamora Herald* (Ill.) of the Legion. There is a lively post of the Legion in Metamora, comprising over seven per cent of the town's population.

A post that has built and operates its own wireless station, probably the first so to do, is the Wood-Hill Post at Marcellus, Mich. There are fifty veterans in this post, the first one in its county to organize.

Members of the Union Club of Newark, N. J., recently invited a man by the name of Stiefel to leave the club rooms because of an attack he had made on The American Legion at a meeting of German sympathizers.

Government insurance may be reinstated within eighteen months after discharge from service or after the date of discontinuance, whichever is the later date.

The Nebraska Department has been complimented by the National Adjutant for the excellence of its periodical bulletin of Legion information. It is suggested that other states may get useful ideas from it.

Sarasota Bay Post, Florida, has been enriched by gifts from well-wishers of the Legion. At present the post's sick fund is over the five-hundred-dollar mark and its entertainment fund is about one thousand dollars.

Omer Locklear, a member of Los Angeles Post No. 8, gave an exhibition stunt

flight in Christmas Week for the men in Letterman Hospital. He had to make fourteen attempts before he succeeded in changing from one plane to another in full flight.

Indications of how the veterans feel on public questions are seen in some of the resolutions passed by posts in the past week:

The Fourth New Jersey Infantry Post desires decisive and prompt action towards Mexico so that Americans can live peacefully in that country.

East Cleveland Post No. 163 is against dissolving the chemical warfare branch of the service.

Kanawha Post, Charleston, W. Va., asks that Congress enact laws to deport aliens guilty of disloyalty and sedition.

Judson P. Galloway Post, Newburgh, N. Y., is in favor of the strict enforcement of all laws that will tend to rid the country of its unpatriotic elements.

Charles A. Learned Post No. 1, Detroit, Mich., suggests that an issue of Liberty Bonds, payable twenty years from date of issue, be distributed among ex-service men by way of bonus, at the rate of one bond for each month of service rendered.

William T. Smith Post, Northwood, Iowa, urges Congress to make it a criminal offense to print or circulate any un-American literature.

President Theodore Roosevelt Post No. 1, Washington, D. C., believes that it would help to alleviate the heavy costs of living if Congress extended commissary privileges to all ex-service men.

Among the papers that are giving regular departments to Legion news are these: *Baltimore News*, *Baltimore Evening Sun*, *Towson (Md.) New Era*, and the *News Leader*, of Richmond, Va.

Sports of all kinds, from tiddly-winks to javelin throwing, are engaged in by David Wisted Post, of Duluth, Minn. This post will consider contest challenges in hockey, basket-ball, base-ball (indoor), chess, bridge, golf (African or otherwise), track and field events, and tennis.

Hartley M. Robey Post, of Sandstone Minn., announces that it is in the field for basket-ball games.

Naval men who saw service on the west coast of France have formed the Britanny Patrol, United States Navy, Post of the Legion in New York City. Men of both the regular and reserve branches of the Navy are welcome to the new post. Write to Alfred Greenough, 60 Broadway, New York.

Astronomers are hunting for a new planet, beyond the outermost of the present solar bodies. It is estimated to be fifty-five times as far from the sun as the earth is. It is therefore somewhat inaccessible; on it will be found the low prices and peaceful days that left this earth long ago.

People don't seem to care much for money. In the Treasury in Washington there is \$1,000,000 lying unclaimed; in

British banks there are \$32,000,000 without owners. The line forms to the right.

German was being taught and sung in a small school near Vincennes, Ind., until some enterprising members of the Vincennes Post convinced the local school teacher that he should cease. It is against the law of Indiana to teach German.



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Washing the windows of skyscrapers was no test for the nerves of Frank J. Pierce. He was a major in the British air service during the war and won the Distinguished Flying Cross in an air battle in which he commanded six British planes that outfought a score of German fliers. Coming to the United States he took the first job he could find, rather than starve. It happened to be washing windows and scrubbing floors.

All posts in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, will retain one dollar as the initiation fee, according to a decision at the last meeting of the County Council. There are thirty-one posts in the county.

Three posts in Harrisburg, Pa., have united into one big post with the new year. The new post, No. 27, has a sixty-piece band that will soon give a concert for the city.

Information in regard to all Americans who served in the armies of the Allies wanted by the Navy League of the United States for a memorial war record which is now being compiled. Address L. S. M. Robinson, Secretary of Department 6, 1519 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A certain bank bookkeeper has long been wanted by the police for vanishing with \$15,000. He has at last been located in the Marines, having enlisted under an

assumed name. Because he had won decorations in several engagements, he has been released from prison and given a chance to bring his civilian life up to the level of his military life.

The Legion in Broome, County, N. Y., will probably have as fine a home as any outfit in the country. The sum of \$350,000 has been raised for its use, of which \$150,000 will be used to buy, remodel, and maintain a club. The balance is invested by the Broome County Committee of the Legion with the advice of the Citizens' Advisory Committee, and the income is used for relief purposes. The post has 1,200 members.

Huszar, the Hungarian Premier, makes the statement in Budapest that Hungary's brief experiment with communism cost the state \$3,600,000,000. The economic soundness of the communists' program is scarcely open to argument.

Aviation circles are interested in the new "Loening Kitten," the tiny plane that is being tried out in the District of Columbia. It has a wing spread of only ten feet and an over-all length of eight feet. Its three-cylinder Anzani motor has forty-five horse-power.

A prominent Japanese in Honolulu is authority for the statement that ninety per cent of the men in the service of the Japanese Government can either read, write, or understand English, while there are few, if any, in the American Army who know anything about the Japanese language.

Plans for the decentralization of the Army from Washington will be formulated as the result of a conference to be held in Washington on January 12 between members of the General Staff and all department and divisional commanders. The purpose of the conference, as announced from the office of the Chief of Staff, is "for the discussion of army problems on a peace-time basis." War Department plans and policies for the training, distribution and administration of officer and enlisted personnel and other important reorganization problems will be taken up. It is anticipated that peace-time functions will once more be assigned to department commanders.

Attention employers! The Re-employment Bureau of New York City, 500 Pearl Street, New York City, has scores of ex-service men registered as applicants for all manner of positions, including chemists, farmers, geologists, engineers, manufacturers, advertising men, shipping clerks, wireless operators, teachers, dancers, physicians, plumbers, porters, and accountants. Almost every trade and profession is represented.

A butcher has been fined fifteen dollars for cutting off his cat's tail by way of punishing the cat for having the mange. The only thing that hurt his feelings was the production of the severed tail in court and its confiscation by the judge. The butcher could have recouped his fine through profits on the sale of the article in question.

An All-Service Football Team

(Continued from page 9)

from him as possible. Cabbage rounds out a most efficient quartette.

Among the guards, Youngstrom was in the Navy and the other three in the Army. McGraw finished the war minus a finger. Youngstrom probably blocked more kicks this year than any line man in the game. He certainly was a kick destroyer, and whenever he loomed in the offing opposing punters prepared to submerge. Alexander and McGraw were both great men on the defense and Barton was as steady and reliable a line man as he was a sergeant of the A. E. F.

At center, Callahan of Yale was as fine a defensive player as the season showed, and Carpenter was a shifty, dangerous lineman with the speed of an end. There would be no weakness in the middle of the line with these men there.

Williams owed most of its effectiveness this season to the help of God and one Marine. With a larger college Boynton would have been hailed as a star of the first magnitude. His versatility was remarkable. There was nothing that could be asked of a quarterback that he could not do. Stinchcomb of Ohio State was another great quarterback and did his full share with Harley toward his team's success. He was a deadly tackler, a fine open field runner and had plenty of stuff above the shoulders. He was in the Navy.

NOBODY will deny Casey, of Harvard, a place on any team. It was Casey who proved the salvation of his team in both the Princeton and Yale games. He can forward pass and he can grab a forward pass as if his fingers were anointed with glue. He is faster than a Broadway spendthrift and as elusive as the shadow of a dream. Four coaches from other colleges have called Erickson, of Washington and Jefferson, one of the best backs of the year and that is high praise. Oss, of Minnesota, was the sensation of western football. He is one of the fastest sprinters in that part of the country and in a broken field he is as about as easy to hold as an electric eel. Yost, of Michigan, Zuppke, of Illinois, and Richards, of Wisconsin, called Oss one of the greatest halfbacks they ever saw and they have seen a good many. Hastings, of Pittsburgh, has proven his worth time and again.

Rodgers, of West Virginia, is as good a fullback as ever hit a line. He weighed 198 pounds, had plenty of speed and plunged into an opposing line with the impetus of a six-inch shell. He was also a fine kicker and forward passer. Against such teams as Princeton, Rutgers and Washington and Jefferson, Rodgers gained a total of 799 yards. He gained 393 yards with passes, 122 yards in returning kicks and kickoffs, and 384 yards in rushing the ball from scrimmage. Rodgers was a second lieutenant of infantry.

Gill, of Colgate, lacked the versatility of Rodgers. He neither passed nor kicked, but he was a terrific line smasher. When he threw his 190 pounds whole heartedly into his specialty the members of the Undertakers' Union used to smile at the thought of coming business. With these two fullbacks a team could welcome any emergency that arose.

Yes, there may be better men, but we are satisfied with this All-Service team. It may be that others could pick teams of the same sort that would beat it, but in that case we certainly should like to expend real money to have a front seat at the game.

ONE of the most gratifying things about picking an All-Service team has been the letters from coaches, many of them in the service themselves. To the query, "Which of your football players were in the service?" man after man replied, "all of our players were in the service." The gridiron game proved its worth. The mimic battles were productive of the spirit that won a world war.

George Daley voiced this truth in an article in the *New York World*. "Football," he said, "with its close personal contact, keen strategy, sharp initiative and demand for high courage, develops the qualities which make good soldiers. The very character of the game precludes a man's being anything but a strong, virile, big-hearted American."

WHEN the Sweet Bill, H. R. 8778, was signed by the President, December 24 last, the War Risk Insurance Act was amended to provide more liberal benefits for war veterans, their relatives and beneficiaries. The rate of compensation for disability and the range of beneficiaries were increased and the nature of death payments was revised.

Converted War Risk Insurance now is payable at death in a lump sum or in monthly instalments over a period of not less than thirty-six months, at the option of the insured.

Both term and converted insurance now may be made payable to a parent, grandparent, stepparent, parent through adoption, wife or husband, child, grandchild, stepchild, adopted child, brother, sister, half-brother, half-sister, brother through adoption, sister through adoption, stepbrother, stepsister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, brother-in-law, sister-in-law; to a person who has stood in the relation of a parent to the insured for a period of one year or more prior to the enlistment or induction of the insured, or to the children of such person, and to a parent, grandparent, stepparent or parent through adoption of the wife or husband of the insured.

The following is a comparative table of disability payments now effective under the Sweet Bill amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act and formerly:

How Sweet Bill Affects War Risk

Temporary Total Disability.	Now	Formerly
Neither wife nor child.....	\$80	\$30
Wife but no child.....	90	45
Wife and one child.....	95	55
Wife and two children.....	100	65
Wife and three or more children.....	100	75
No wife but one child.....	90	40
No wife but two children.....	95	50
No wife but three children.....	100	60
No wife but four children.....	105	60
No wife but more than four children, plus \$5 for each additional child.....	105	60
Extra allowance for dependent mother or dependent father or both, each.....	10	10

Before the Sweet Bill became law the same compensation scale applied for total and permanent disability as for temporary total disability. The compensation for total and permanent disability now is \$100, plus an additional allowance, in the discretion of the Director of War Risk Insurance, of an amount not exceeding \$20, in the case of a person so helpless as to be in constant need of a nurse or attendant.

AT present, as formerly, compensation for the loss of both feet or both hands, or the sight of both eyes, or for becoming helpless and permanently bedridden is \$100. But the law now provides, in addition, that the loss of one foot and one hand, or one foot and the sight of one eye, or one hand and the sight of one eye shall be compensable at the rate of \$100 a month. And it provides further that a combination of any

two of the permanent desirability conditions above enumerated be classified as double, total, permanent disability, compensable at \$200 a month. For example, the loss of both hands and both feet or the loss of both hands and the sight of both eyes would be classed as double, total, permanent disability.

The compensation for disability rated as partial and temporary now is a percentage of the compensation that would be payable for total and temporary disability, equal to the degree of the reduction in earning capacity resulting from the disability. In like manner compensation for partial and permanent disability is a percentage of compensation allowed for total permanent disability. In no case is compensation payable for a reduction in earning capacity rated at less than ten per cent.

It was hoped to write into the Sweet Bill several clauses which would further liberalize War Risk Insurance before the bill was passed and became law. Further liberalization is necessary, insurance men claim, if government insurance is to be made sufficiently attractive to compete with the policies offered by commercial firms.

An effort will be made to write such liberalization clauses into the Wasson Bill, H. R. 10365, which is now in a committee of the House. The House Committee has advised The American Legion of its willingness to incorporate in the bill any reasonable feature that will appeal to ex-service men in general.

They're Off for Russia

Red Exodus, Which Legion Has Demanded, Is Under Way

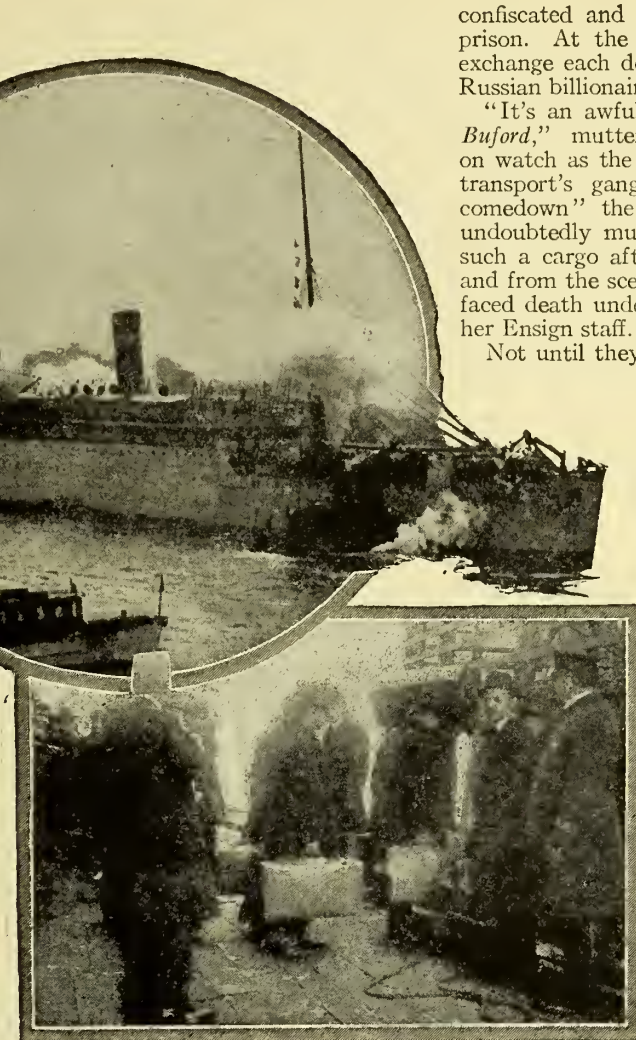
ACCOUNT CLOSED, a clerk in the Immigration Bureau well might have stamped the records of 249 alien anarchists recently deported. And the office boy, had he studied Caesar, might have added by way of embellishment, "They came; they started something; they deported."

The vanguard of anarchists and red radicals, polluters of American life, are out of the country, bound for radical points East, where red theory and red practice are one and the same. After long suffering from the malady of unassimilable aliens the American body politic has had to resort to stringent remedy to cleanse its system. The first cleansing treatment was taken on the morning of December 21, when the transport *Buford* sailed for Russia. Before this is published a second transport with similar cargo of unassimilable aliens will be en route. May the emetic which America has been compelled to resort to be sufficiently potent to purge the national system of the last of the 60,000 alien reds listed on the books of the Attorney-General.

In the semi-darkness of early morning the first transport crept down the harbor and out to sea. No opportunity was granted the deportees for a grand stand play as martyrs. Complete secrecy shrouded the proceedings. Not until the afternoon papers announced that the "Soviet Ark" had sailed at 6.30 o'clock that morning did New York's parlor Bolsheviks and other red sympathizers know that their heroes were gone.

Then was precipitated a riot at the barge office. Between 150 and 200 men and women stormed the office demanding that they be permitted to visit Ellis Island to ascertain whether or not certain friends and relatives were among the deported. Coast Guard men rushed from the office and drove the rioters back, while a hurry call was sent in for police reserves. Cursing the government and the police the rioters were taken to a nearby station and locked up.

MOST of the deportees were members of the Union of Russian Workers, an anarchistic society formed here in 1907 by a Russian said now to be chief of police of Petrograd. Many were the possessors of lurid police records, but undoubtedly the most notorious of the deportees were Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. Besides Goldman, two other women were of the party—Dora Lipkin and Ethel Bernstein.



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From points west to points east. Reds arriving at Jersey City en route for Russia. Above, the *Buford*, on which the first radicals sailed.

The *Buford's* unwilling passengers were only part of the anarchist colony mobilized at Ellis Island since the country-wide raids by Department of Justice agents on November 7. Within a day or two after the raids they were brought to the Island in groups of from five to twenty, handcuffed and guarded.

They arrived with their belongings in bundles, hand bags and small trunks of queer European design. Aboard the *Buford* they carried this same luggage, but greatly augmented by generous contributions of warm clothing from an easy going, good-natured Uncle Sam and from relatives and red sympathizers. They also are reported on good authority to have taken nearly a half million of American dollars back to Russia. It would be poetic justice if these anarchists, with their perpetual cant and rant about capitalists, on arrival in Russia are also declared to be capitalists, their money

confiscated and themselves thrown into prison. At the present rate of money exchange each deported red should be a Russian billionaire.

"It's an awful comedown for the old *Buford*," muttered the quartermaster on watch as the anarchists mounted the transport's gangway. And an "awful comedown" the staunch old transport undoubtedly must have felt it to carry such a cargo after so lately carrying to and from the scenes of war the men who faced death under the colors flying from her Ensign staff.

Not until they boarded the tug which carried them from Ellis Island to the *Buford* anchored in the stream were the reds convinced that they would be deported. Even the calling of the deportation roll they had considered but a final Yankee bluff preceding their release. The assurances of immigration officers and visiting government officials that the country would have no more of them was without avail. They believed public sentiment would not permit of their deportation, despite the lack of public interest evidenced in their "hunger strike" for sympathy.

FOLLOWING the collapse of their "hunger strike" the anarchists formed the first "soviet anarchistic commune" of Ellis Island. Alexander Berkman, for thirty years consort of Emma Goldman in the spreading of anarchistic propaganda, was elected grand commissary.

The deportation of Berkman and Goldman had been agitated for more than ten years, but no formal proceedings were instituted until 1919. They then were begun as a result of the alarming radical activities following the war, which included the Seattle and Winnipeg general strikes, the sending of bombs through the mails, the formation of branches of the Communist party and plans for anarchistic demonstrations on the anniversary of the formation of the Soviet Republic of Russia. This last was frustrated by the November raids.

During the thirty years of their joint career as advocates for the overthrow by violence of the government of the United States Berkman spent sixteen

years and Goldman three years in jail. Berkman served fourteen years for shooting the late Henry Clay Frick and two for obstructing the draft. Goldman served two years for opposing conscription and one year for inciting to riot. But neither were punished for the part their teachings played in attacks by others on life and property.

Their joint activities as publishers of the anarchist magazines, *Mother Earth* and *The Blast*, suppressed during the war, combined with their addresses at anarchist meetings, helped cause the assassination of President McKinley. Their influence was traced in the dynamiting of the *Los Angeles Times*. They were suspected of receiving German money to oppose preparedness. They cooperated with German spies in endeavoring to promote a revolution in India during the war. They were the pioneer radicals in the United States.

Berkman is fifty years old and Goldman forty-nine. Both were born in Russia. Goldman came to the United States when fifteen, but little is known of Berkman's life prior to his association with Goldman. They made their headquarters in New York, where their magazines were published, but were well known throughout the United States and in Canada, England, Australia and Holland, where they addressed anarchistic meetings.

Before the deportees boarded the Ellis Island tug which conveyed them to the transport, Emma Goldman told the immigration officials: "The United States has signed its death warrant in this deportation. I am not going to stop my work so long as life rests with me."

Berkman threatened: "We're coming back, and we'll get you!"

Aboard the *Buford*, Peter Bianky, general secretary of the Union of Russian

Workers, led the cry of "long live the revolution in the United States."

As the *Buford* passed the Statue of Liberty the deportees, in chorus, shouted in fond farewell, "To hell with America."

As this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press a second series of nation-wide raids has been conducted by agents of the Department of Justice. More than 4,500 members of the Communist Labor parties, including hundreds of women, were taken into custody. Seized literature reveals a plot to overthrow the government of the United States by force. Large stores of guns and ammunition gathered by the would-be-revolutionists to accomplish this end were captured. The apprehended radicals are arriving at Ellis Island by train loads from all parts of the country. Wholesale deportations will be instituted, the Department of Justice announced.

Putting the Three R's to Work

(Continued from page 7)

will grow a central committee, in each industrial center, which will include representatives of the public and will mediate in labor disputes that may arise in the city.

EMLOYERS and laborers both see the value of this sort of work. For one thing the educated man produces more than the illiterate, which is good for the employer, and, by the same token, he earns more, which is good for himself. For another thing, the higher the percentage of illiteracy in a shop, the higher the percentage of accidents, involving loss both to employer and employee.

The United States Steel Corporation recently made an exhaustive investigation of 185,490 accidents that had occurred in its different plants. Forty-four per cent of them were found to have been in hand work. It is easy to render modern machinery safe in all work except those kinds that are done with the aid of human hands. There the only safeguard is the knowledge and intelligence of the worker; so it follows inevitably that it is the illiterate workers who are most frequently injured by preventable accidents. Some idea of the value of preventing such occurrences can be gained from the information that 30,000 workers are killed and 100,000 maimed annually in such accidents.

Shop instruction deals not only with matters of shop routine but also with

knowledge that all American citizens should have, such as the functions and methods of federal, state, and city administration. The National Carbon Company of Cleveland has gone even further than this and has been trying to establish some sort of personal touch between firm and laborer. The Carbon *News*, the company publication, recently contained this little item:

"PERSONAL contact is the most essential factor of successful Americanization. And we have found that this is best attained by assisting the foreign-born employee in solving the many problems which arise in every-day life. When a real personal contact has been established and confidence has been gained, the service department may safely proceed with its plans, and will find very little to hinder the carrying out of any plans of Americanization which are fair to both the employer and the employee."

Along the same line, the Firestone Company has given legal assistance to employees who have needed it. In less than one month 853 Firestone workers were helped in legal matters.

In Bayonne, N. J., the Board of Education has taken counsel with the local employers and is engaged in a vigorous drive to teach the American language to the city's aliens. In the announcement of the project is the unusual sentence:

"If any woman cannot come to the school, register anyway, and we will send a teacher to your house."

Who pays for this use of the company's time? The answer is found in the scheme of the Wisconsin Bridge & Iron Company's plant in Milwaukee, where, for every two hours spent in studying English in the schoolroom, an employee gets a dollar. At the end of each week a report is made on the work of the employee and he finds the extra pay in his envelope.

The Firestone Company in Akron, Ohio, has a class of members of thirty-eight nationalities. Not only does this class study Americanism, but occasionally it holds home talent evenings, when a French girl personifies Joan of Arc, Russians in national dress sing Russian folk songs, and Greeks give an exhibition of Greek art.

The movement is already well under way, but it must move faster before its results are seen in the nation as a whole. To date the fault has been ours. The immigrant has come to our shores, but we have received him in only the narrowest sense. As far as assimilating him is concerned, we have lain down on the job. Now comes another opportunity; twice as many aliens are asking naturalization papers this year as did a year ago. In a few years it will be too late. Strike while the iron is hot, and "foster and perpetuate a 100 per cent Americanism."

Fortunes and Misfortunes in Oil

(Continued from page 14)

Every stringtown has its church and school, for many men have been joined by their families. Oil men work hard for good pay, spend freely and live in comity with one another. Whereas the old cow camps built up their reputations on the amount and variety of trouble their inhabitants could make among themselves,

the boast of the typical stringtown is just contrawise. The especial pride of a camp of 2,000 people is that there is not an officer of the law on the field, and the most recent arrest was made six months ago.

DO the oil fields present a favorable opportunity to young men, particu-

larly ex-service men, to make a new "start?" Let an old-timer in the Enid fields answer:

"The oil game is a ticklish proposition to buck. A fellow hears a lot of talk about this one who made his million so quick that before he could get the first of

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FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address communications to: Editor, "Find Your Buddy," American Legion Weekly, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Photographs cannot be returned

MISSING: Cook Michael J. Maloney, sailed with 116th Ambulance Corps, transferred to Advance Medical Supply Depot No. 1, Advance Section, S. O. S., A. P. O., 712. Address mother, Mrs. J. McBride, 200 Market St., Memphis, Tenn.



Michael J. Maloney

Berks Co., Pa., would like to hear from anyone who is familiar with the circumstances in which her son met his death in the St. Mihiel drive.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL 114, Fleury, Meuse.—Carl L. Firor, 315th Ambulance Company, 304th Sanitary Train, reported sick—not wounded—and admitted to Field Hospital Dressing Station, near Malancourt, on September 28, 1918. Records of Hospital No. 114 show that on September 29 he was admitted there suffering from multiple gunshot wounds from which he died on October 1. Comrade reports he saw Firor alive, but ill, in a hospital on October 3. Mother anxious to hear from comrades or hospital attendants. Address Mrs. Anna Percival Firor, Burkittsville, Md.

JOSEPH PLAHUTNIK, Prisoner of War Escort Company, No. 243, reported discharged in America, write your brother George, Box 541, Nakomis, Ill.

FIRST ANTI-AIRCRAFT MACHINE GUN BATTALION.—Private John L. Sybrandt, wounded September 19, 1918, and died the same day in Base Hospital 51 at Toul. Anyone having any knowledge of circumstances under which he was wounded write his sister, Mrs. W. L. Edwards, Route 1, Wellington, Ohio.

COMPANY C, 7TH INFANTRY.—Mrs. Jennie F. Griffith, 10th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio, writes: "My son, Walker J. Griffith, has been officially reported killed, but I am sure he is living in a hospital or somewhere. The last I heard from him was in July, 1918. Will some of his old comrades please write me."



Walker J. Griffith

MISSING IN ACTION.—Harry J. Streit, B Company, Eleventh Infantry. Last letter home dated in August, 1918. When parents got no more mail they wrote his captain who said Streit had been missing in action since September 12, and presumed he had become attached to some other organization. Government has classified him as killed, but has no definite record. Buddies, write Gustave E. Streit, 2132 Lakeland Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

MISSING IN ACTION.—Private John W. Crice, F Company, Eighteenth Infantry, First Division. Reported slightly wounded, October 5, 1918, which was confirmed in a letter from his first sergeant. Later the captain wrote he had been severely wounded. No other information until September 13, 1919, when the War Department reported him dead; time and cause unknown. Buddies, write his mother, Mrs. Sallie B. Crice, Barlow, Ky.

ROBERT E. LEE, 110th Infantry, write Sallie McGovern, Albany, Ga.

A COMPANY, 58th INFANTRY.—Information sought concerning the death of Private John Draper, killed in action, October 6, 1918. Address his sister, Mary J. Draper, 11 Elwood Avenue, West Lynn, Mass.

WALTER L. JONES, Ambulance Company No. 39, sought by former Red Cross girl, Helen J. Smith, 239 Baker Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. Jones was last heard from at the Post Hospital, Is-sur-Tille.

W. C. FOLLMER, former senior gunnery sergeant, would like to hear from Rollie Courtner, same rank, of G. R. S., No. 302. Address 54 Willow Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

SERGEANT ALLEN PARKHILL, M Company, Thirty-fourth Infantry, concerning whom Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Moore, 144 Church Street, Benton Harbor, Mich., write: "We are trying to locate this soldier, who served with our son and in whom we are very much interested. He was in a hospital when last heard from. Our son, Leo J. Moore, would be pleased to hear from any of his comrades."

I COMPANY, 310TH INFANTRY.—Corporal Fred Tieman reported missing in action in the Argonne battle, October 19, 1918. In answer to numerous queries by his parents this later was changed to killed in action, though the body has not been recovered. Any word from comrades who were with him in the drive will be appreciated by William E. Eckhardt, 289 New York Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

"A. C. O'HARA, Eighth Division, Field Artillery. Please write home. George."

MISSING: Sergeant Jack Kirchenbaum, Chemical Warfare Service. Last seen December 13, 1918, in hospital at Chateau Thierry, convalescing from gas. Address his sister, Mrs. May A. Sullivan, 254 Aurora St., St. Paul, Minn.



Jack Kirchenbaum

SAMUEL BATNICK, nicknamed "Wende."—E. Epstein, Islip, N. Y., says he has an important message for you.

MISSING IN U. S.: William A. Maclean, served aboard U. S. S. *Marietta*. Last heard of at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Lake Forest, Ill. Inform Adjutant, Waples-Bauer Post 94, American Legion, Nokomis, Ill., who will notify mother.

139TH REGIMENTAL INTELLIGENCE.—Former members write W. H. Vermehren, 1208 South Maple Street, Coffeyville, Kan. He has pictures taken at Newport News and wants to send each man one.

CHARLES B. CONLEY, ex-corporal, First Depot Battalion, Signal Corps, wants to hear from Corporal Warland Brown, Sergeant Herrington and Corporal Peterson. He also wants to hear from "Red," of Ohio, Fred from Indiana, Harry McCain from Boston, or any of the others who were in Ward 22, General Hospital, Williamsbridge, N. Y., around Thanksgiving, 1917. Address 5501 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM SWENSON, private, Company I, 342nd Infantry, transferred to a Candidate's School in southern France, write an old buddy, Leo W. Smedstad, Lowry, Minn.

MISSING IN U. S.: Irving M. Nickel, first class seaman. Last ship served on, U. S. S. *Oregon*. Discharged at Brooklyn, December 14, 1918. Last heard of through Red Cross at Buford, N. C., and reported to have left for St. Louis. Reported mentally unbalanced. Address his sister, Mrs. Rosalie DesCombes, 6109 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Irvin M. Nickel

Fortunes and Misfortunes in Oil

(Continued from page 26)

it in the bank the sheriff had sold his furniture to satisfy an old mortgage of \$178, or that one who never had a second shirt to his name up to three years ago, and who now owns eight automobiles in an effort to keep his \$4,000 a day income from gaining on him; one hears a lot about how shrewd and cagey such people must have been to find fortunes where others failed and sunk their last dollar in the effort.

"Such talk is about as near pure bunk as ordinary conversation can assay. I am familiar with most of the old speculative games of the west, because I have lived here all my life. I have seen them come and go, and make and break men—everything from cattle to oil, and in none of them does simonpure luck play the part it does in the oil game. Faro is trustworthy beside it.

"You ask me if science cannot lessen the risks by determining which lands may conceal buried pools and which do not. Talking science finds me on thin ice, but these are my views: A geologist can locate an anticline. An anticline is a fold in the rock formation of the earth in which oil or gas may accumulate. Oil and gas are found only in anticlines, yet all anticlines do not contain oil or gas. A geologist only can approximate the limits of an anticline. Big producing wells have been brought in a few yards from a duster.

"I think I know the history of most of the big producing wells in the Strip fields, and nearly all of the old ones are the result of luck. Men without a particle of business sense or astuteness, men who know about as much about the science of oil as a hula-hula girl on the beach at Waikiki, have brought in fortunes. Sound men have sunk fortunes in dry holes, and done so following

what apparently was the best scientific advice obtainable.

"**F**OOLS for luck are innumerable, but let me cite the case of a man who has been in the oil business all his life. For twenty years he was connected in an administrative capacity with a great oil company. He worked in most of the principal American fields, as well as those in Russia. When he came down here to go in on his own hook a good many solid business men of the community said they'd string along with him and play safe. That man is said to have sunk \$300,000 in dry holes which have not produced a penny.

"If anybody hears that there is about to be a new oil strike, here is my formula on how to proceed and get in on the ground floor. Place a large scale map of the community on a table and flip a coin in the air. Where the coin lands say, 'I'll take out leases there,' and then take them out. This sounds like I am trying to be funny, but I am not. It is the best dope I can give, and in giving it I disclose no secret, for luck has none."

The great corporations know the role chance plays in oil pioneering, consequently they are seldom first-comers in a field. They let the suckers do that, and take the winnings and losings that go with sounding out a new field and testing its value. Then the big companies steal in, gradually buying and scheming the pioneers out of their holdings, paying prices that afford a profit that looks large enough to the pioneers, but which enable the great companies, with their business organization and scientific methods, to return dividends on the field for the rest of its life.

In the early days one of the commonest and surest ways of making a lot of money

in a little while was in the organization of companies and the sale of stock. This was the way it was done the first year after the strike. You go to a farmer and take oil leases on twenty acres at \$500 an acre. No money is required for this transaction. The farmer takes your note.

YOU organize the Mazuma Oil Company, capitalized at \$200,000 and begin to sell stock. Selling stock in a country clutched by the oil fever is the easiest part of the game. The first \$25,000 you take in you set aside as payment for the lease, which, you see, has increased in value from \$10,000 to \$25,000. You keep the extra \$15,000. You keep the next \$50,000 you take in, also; a quarter of the capital stock to the promoter was deemed fair and square.

You sell the rest of the stock, taking a thirty-five per cent commission, which will amount to about \$41,000 when you have sold it all. Your "earnings" now total \$106,000. Ten thousand has gone for the lease. Eighty-four thousand remain as working capital. You sink a test well. If you hit oil all of your stockholders are rich. If you drive a duster, you still have \$106,000 for your trouble.

This sounds like a Wallingford inspiration, but in the early days of the strike it was not deemed so. In fact the fictitious Mazuma Company is a faithful representation in every particular of many actual companies promoted three years ago. Such methods are illegal now, of course, but before they were made so many fortunes were made in that manner, not only by promoters but by stockholders. Many lost their life's savings, too. But few seemed to have a kick, for those who were paupers today might be princes on the morrow.

The Drive

(Continued from page 19)

ran up and down the lines shouting at the boys, cursing and reviling them, the chant grew louder and louder, the excited men frothed at the mouth, until at last, when they were worked up to the proper pitch, the "horn-boy" at the head of the column filled his lungs, the peal of the bugle seemed to fill the jungle, and as one man the hundred sweating blacks grunted, leaned against the ropes, and six tons of precious mahogany skidded forward on the rollers.

REED plunged off into the bush with his canteen boy to investigate the timber on an adjoining concession, leaving Hal to go over the workings with Jameson.

At first blush the work impressed Burton as being quite simple. Apparently the main object was to keep on good terms with the various headmen, so that the labor supply would be adequate. It was only through these individuals, who performed no degrading

work, holding their more exalted places by virtue of their control over labor, that anything could be accomplished, since the workers spoke only their native tribal tongues. Burton with his recently learned pigeon English, did his best to make a good impression on the headmen.

The three white men held a conference that night over blue-print maps of the concessions, and Burton received his final instructions from the untiring Reed, who was pushing on in the morning for the next camp. Jameson, too, was leaving for Dunkwa and the coast.

"You will have a lot of work cleaning some of the smaller streams," said Reed, pawing over his maps, "but they must be cleared if we expect to get all of the logs out this season. However, the task of cleaning the creeks must not interfere with the hauling. I shall expect you to haul an average of twelve or thirteen logs a day from now until the rainy season sets in and we drive down on the June

floods. I shall not be back until driving time, so it's up to you.

"You absolutely must," he went on, and his jaw tightened as he looked steadily into Hal's eyes, "get out at least ten a day. Don't fall below that."

Folding his papers Reed rose and without further word went into his room. Hal took his pipe out on the verandah and leaned against the railing, staring into the blackness of the engulfing jungle. He was not very well acquainted with the word "must." The Jim Reed he had known was dead.

Burton was now alone with his three hundred blacks and his thoughts.

HE put in a strenuous day trekking over the surrounding country and getting its lay more firmly fixed in his mind. The timber, he found, was pretty well logged off close to the streams. The haul would get longer every day;

(Continued on page 32)

LETTERS FROM READERS

An Alien's Letter

To the Editor: I am writing you with regard to taking out citizenship papers. What I want to know is this: how is it that a soldier who has been honorably discharged has to have two witnesses before he can take out his papers? When this same alien soldier was willing to go and fight for his adopted country why should he have to get two witnesses when he comes back to vouch for him as to his moral character, which is plainly indicated on his discharge papers. If this soldier is to take these witnesses to the proper court, it means that he has to pay their day's wages, their train fare and meals. Why should not Congress pass a law authorizing the proper authorities to give each honorably discharged soldier, sailor and marine his full citizenship without this endless red tape? As another suggestion, would it not be wise to have some federal provision made for training aliens to prepare them to take out their citizenship papers?

AN ALIEN.

Should Be Widely Read

To the Editor: I have just read with much pleasure and interest "Americans in Name Only" in your issue of December 19. This article is very appropriate at this time when the American slackers are coming out and competing with service men in business and politics. I think this article should be read in open meeting in every local post in America.

Tampa, Fla. WILLIAM H. JACKSON.

The Navy Medals

To the Editor: I am attaching herewith a clipping from the *New York Tribune* relative to the awarding of the Distinguished Service Medal by the Navy Department. It seems to me that a man who makes a statement such as Representative Butler is reported to have made is manifestly unfit to be a United States Congressman, much less chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs.

Probably nothing that could be said or done would cheapen this award any more or make it seem any more ridiculous. The D. S. M. represents too many of our glorious dead to be run down by any little "six cent" representative.

New York City. SHERIDAN COLSON.

The clipping referred to follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.—"Congress is not interested in the squabble between Admiral Sims and Secretary Daniels about the distribution of the Distinguished Service Medals. These medals only cost six cents each, so why not give everybody one and let it rest at that?"

Such was the comment of Representative Thomas S. Butler, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, in an interview at his home in West Chester tonight.



A Word to Workers

To the Editor: I am a member of The American Legion and an overseas veteran. It is the duty of the Legion organ to sound the call to all the members for a united stand against the strikes and agitation. It is high time for the American workman to come to his senses and, realize that it is not a question of shorter hours, to reduce the high cost of living, but of production, a lower cost and incidentally, more money in their pockets.

SERGEANT M. J. LIBERMAN.

Ottawa, Kans.

A Word of Warning

To the Editor: There is a tendency among all the various labor and political organizations, locally and generally, throughout the United States to involve The American Legion into many controversies that we severally and individually are not vitally interested in.

The American Legion is but yet in its infancy, and its growth has been miraculous, to say the least. In a little over one year its membership has almost reached the million mark.

Yet if we as a body go on record espousing the cause of every known labor, economical, or political party that comes before us, asking for aid and succor, the enthusiasm of our membership will soon evaporate.

There is no question but what our attitude should be made known and that we are not to become the goat for any organization sanctioning our support, unless it shall be some creditable welfare or charitable enterprise that stood back of us during the great conflict.

I do not think any man will take issue with me in regard to this statement. We all want to see the Legion prosper and expand, but we cannot do so if we become embroiled in every petty outside conflict which does not interest us.

So I say, let us take care of our own affairs, attend to our own business, and we will be one of the strongest organizations of such nature in the world—and will have the esteem and respect of our glorious nation that backed us to the limit in the giant struggle that democracy might live, and each man free and equal.

Butte, Mont.

G. A. YOUNG.

Professional Men's Complaint

To the Editor: We were wondering what could be done to make it easier for the doctor or lawyer who was in the service to move now to other states to practice his profession. It seems to us that, where the standards of the profession are the same, the professional man who was in the service ought to be allowed to practice in one state or another. If one state must hold an examination for new-comers, it seems to us the examination ought to be held promptly and with less red tape than now exists.

New York City. THREE EX-OFFICERS.

Unionists not Bolsheviki

To the Editor: As a member of Lawrence Delaney Post No. 26, American Legion, and of boilermakers' union, Local No. 331, I wish to urge upon all union men in the Legion to be on their guard against any objectionable strike-breaking activities cropping out in local posts. The unions are for 100 per cent Americanism as evidenced by our Local No. 331 recently passing a resolution to take up with the officials of the Hog Island Shipyard the matter of giving better positions and higher pay to disabled soldiers. The labor unionists of course are not Bolsheviki.

ROBERT E. JONES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Matter of Language

To the Editor: Referring to your editorial entitled "The American Language," and particularly to the question: "Why not . . . proclaim to the world that there is a new language."

The simplest and most sensible answer to this is: There isn't. Our calling it so wouldn't make it a new language any more than the Mexicans calling the Spanish language Mexican makes it so.

Be American, be patriotic, but don't be silly.

Seattle, Wash. W. W. H. GERARD.

Advice from Unionist

To the Editor: The larger The American Legion grows the more fully will it be in sympathy with the workers in this country who are typified by union labor in mines, railway shops, and on the railroads. There have been a few posts passing resolutions offering to help run mines and railways in the face of the labor unions, but thank God there have been very few. I am a union railroader, with thirteen months' service in the A. E. F. I like your editorial urging posts to think twice before passing such resolutions. Our organization is after Reds and terrorists, and it must at all times lean toward the wage-earners in sympathy and counsel.

THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION.

Springfield, Mo.

Advertising and The Weekly

YOU remember what we told you last week, that a page in our Weekly costs the advertiser \$1,287, or \$3.00 per line. Now if he uses a page twelve times with us during the year, that would be \$15,444. As a matter of fact, more than that, for our rate for the last six months of 1920 will be \$5.00 per line, or \$2.145 per page, based on a guarantee of 1,000,000 circulation, which would make it cost Mr. Advertiser \$7,722 for the first six times, and \$12,870 for the last six times, or \$20,592 for his twelve full page advertisements.

Now he isn't going to give us that amount of money because he likes to spend money.

For no advertiser spends money in advertising just for the fun of writing checks.

Nor will he give us that amount of money for advertising just because he is in sympathy with The American Legion as a movement or because he wants to help the ex-service man.

He might give it to us as a donation on that basis, but not in advertising, and we do not accept donations.

And he's right in placing his advertising as a sound investment.

He plans his advertising with us as a business proposition.

And we go after it on that basis.

For his investment in advertising must show returns on the investment. His agent—his advertising manager—the members of the firm or committee who are responsible for advertising expenditures, must show results from what they spend.

Otherwise they wouldn't hold their jobs very long, would they?

And if they give us \$20,000 or so of their good hard dollars for our advertising space, we've got to show them results which will prove that sum of money well expended.

For they know from past experience—often of years—about what results that expenditure in other magazines, or in newspapers, or billboards, or street cars, will give them.

And they don't know what we will do—for we are young.

So they have to take us on faith—on faith in what your advertising representative tells them—but mostly their faith in you.

Let's warrant that faith—all of us. How?

1. By reading the magazine regularly.
2. By reading the advertisements regularly.
3. By buying the articles, goods or services that are advertised in our magazine.
4. By telling our advertisers that we do. (A whole lot about this later.)

Now to give you an idea of how an advertiser judges the value of a magazine, we're going to introduce to you through this page from time to time, experienced and successful advertising men who will tell you, some of them, why they have selected THE AMERICAN LEGION

WEEKLY to advertise in—some of them, why they have not. And, working together, we are going to convince these latter gentlemen that they are wrong.

We're reproducing here this week a letter we received recently from a very well known advertising man of New York, a man who is at the head of one of the large advertising agencies of that city, which handles each year advertising campaigns for its clients amounting to several million dollars. You'll be interested in reading his opinion. Here it is:

"I want to tell you right now that I am for The American Legion. I believe that it is going to be one of the biggest and most powerful influences in this country, if its high ideals are held to and carried out.

"But just because I am in sympathy with The American Legion doesn't mean that I can give business to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. That is an entirely different proposition. I must look upon THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY purely and simply from a business standpoint. It's our business here in this agency to recommend publications to

our clients whose money we spend, that will pay them. We must show results to the advertisers whose accounts we handle, even more than if we were spending our own money. If we don't make good, somebody else gets a chance.

"Now in selecting magazines for them to use, we've got to be careful. We can't take too many chances. We know from years of experience a whole lot of magazines that will pay. Your magazine is new and hasn't proved itself as yet. What makes a magazine of value to us is primarily the element of reader interest, as we call it, that is the interest which the readers take in its pages, the eagerness with which they look for it and read it, the strength of its editorials and news features, which causes this interest. And we want to know that they read its advertising pages, too—and that they buy the articles advertised therein.

"We are glad to find a magazine like that. We are looking for them. We wish there were more of them. We hope you are one of them and if there's any way that you can show me that your members are reading this magazine, that they believe in it and are behind it—as you tell me they do—I will know that advertisements in it will be read and will produce results.

"And that means that you will get business from us.

"Sincerely yours,

"F—— W——,"

And next week we'll tell you what you can do to help convince Mr. F. W. It will be your chance for action. A lot of you have already written us asking what we want you to do. Next week you'll find out.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,

1311 G Street N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

British Expeditionary Forces

To the Editor: I am in search of information concerning a soldier who served with the British Expeditionary Forces in France. Can you tell me which department of the British Army I should apply to for information as to his present whereabouts?

H. C. BIERWIRTH.

Charter Oak, Iowa.

Write the Secretary, War Office, London, England, for information concerning men who served with the B. E. F.

Fifth Division

To the Editor: Please advise through your column if there is a Fifth Division Veterans Association and how to get in touch with them.

KNUT W. JOHNSON.

Springfield, Mass.

The Society of the Fifth Division, U. S. A., is the veterans association of the Fifth Division. Its headquarters are The Oura Building, Washington, D. C.

Awards of D. S. C.

To the Editor: Can a soldier win more than one Distinguished Service Cross?

MAX SHANKS.

Hempstead, N. Y.

The ruling on this is as follows: Not more than one Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, or Distinguished Service Medal shall be issued to any one person; but for each succeeding deed or act sufficient to justify the award a bar shall be issued in lieu thereof.

U. S. S. "Galveston"

To the Editor: Would you kindly advise me of the present location of the U. S. S. Galveston.

WILL PETERSON.

Kinman, N. D.

The U. S. S. Galveston is serving with the naval forces in European waters and is at present at Constantinople, Turkey. Mail should be sent care of Postmaster, New York City.

D. S. C. Pay

To the Editor: Will you kindly inform me if the two dollars a month allowed recipients of the D. S. C. begins from the date recipient was recommended for the award or the date the award was conferred on him? In the case of soldiers of the National Army who received the D. S. C. but did not receive the two dollars per month medal pay while in service, to whom should they apply for this?

DANIEL ARMSTRONG.

Kansas City, Mo.

The War Department ruling on this follows: "That each enlisted man of the

Army to whom there has been or shall be awarded a Medal of Honor, a Distinguished Service Cross, or a Distinguished Service Medal shall, for each such award, be entitled to additional pay at the rate of two dollars per month from the date of the distinguished act or service on which the award is based, and each bar, or other suitable device, in lieu of a Medal of Honor, a Distinguished Service Cross, or a Distinguished Service Medal, as hereinafter provided for, shall entitle him to further additional pay at the rate of two dollars per month from the date of the distinguished act or service for which the bar is awarded, and said additional pay shall continue throughout his active service, whether such service shall or shall not be continuous; but when the award is in lieu of the certificate of merit, as provided for in section three hereof, the additional pay shall begin with the date of the award."

Soldiers who were awarded any of these medals and did not receive the two dollars pay referred to can secure same by making application to the Auditor of the War Department, giving the facts in the case.

Free Medical Treatment

To the Editor: Could you give me any information in regard to free treatment for ex-service men who contracted a disease while in the Army?

J. JOHNSON.

Beaudette, Minn.

This matter was explained in detail on page fourteen of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY for December 26, 1919.

91st Division

To the Editor: Can you tell me what troops formed the 91st Division and where it was organized?

H. WORTHINGTON.

Chicago, Ill.

The 91st Division was a National Army Division and composed mostly of men inducted from the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, and the Territory of Alaska. It was organized at Camp Lewis, Washington.

Photo Units

To the Editor: Can you tell our post how many men composed a photo unit for a division?

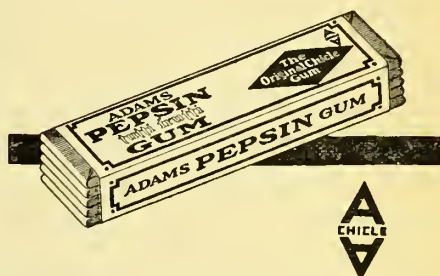
A. SWANSON.

Everett, Mass.

The photographic unit for each division was generally composed of an officer in charge, a still operator and a movie operator, the latter two being enlisted men, usually with rank of noncommissioned officers.

ADAMS
PEPSIN
GUM

after
eating



Nature
heals
nature

The herbs of the field and the flowers of the garden contain healing agents for man's use—to soothe his hurts—to heal his wounds—and to ward off infection. These medicinal juices were put in the plants and flowers for man's benefit, and from time immemorial they have served him.

In Absorbine, Jr., they are brought together in concentrated form and mixed by a scientific formula.

The efficacy of this liniment in the treatment of cuts, strains, bruises and burns has been proved over and over again by thousands of users in every state in the Union.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

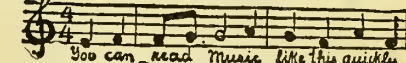
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Commanding Officer
THIRTY-NINTH INFANTRY
Camp Dodge, Iowa

The Drive

(Continued from page 28)

his team would probably be pulling two miles to the creeks before driving time. Yet, there was the set minimum of ten logs a day.

At about eight o'clock on his first night alone Burton was lying in his hammock on the verandah, smoking and listening to the faint babble of talk and song that came across the gully from the native village. Startling, like the last cry of a condemned soul, there came out of the jungle a blood-curdling shriek rising and rising to full crescendo, then breaking with a gasping sound. Burton sat up stiffly.

"Roy," he called, clapping his hands. The steward came running.

"What thing them noise?" he asked.

"Massa Jameson," answered the grinning boy, obviously proud of his linguistic abilities, "call 'em sloth. Some small thing in tree."

Nodding a dismissal, Burton fell back in his hammock, smiling at his own foolishness. He had heard of the weird cry of the African sloth. Strange how it had affected him. He had unconsciously thought of a starshell piercing the night's protection with some poor devil caught on the wire of No Man's Land, crucified in the merciless fire of the enemy. But he must not think of the war; he would go mad. Forty-five miles to Dunkwa and the nearest white man, two-year contracts, the change in Jim Reed, ten logs a day—

THERE followed day after day of determined work, a straining effort to show Reed what he could accomplish. The days were not bad, for he kept eternally busy, but the nights were often horrible. He got some pleasure from conferring with his headmen, trying to better the living conditions of the blacks and settling their disputes. When thus engaged he felt something like a king, a ruler of the destinies of the simple and trusting natives, but there were often long hours of black loneliness, his pipe his only solace, the screeching of the sloths and other jungle noises a fit discordant accompaniment for the wretchedness of his mind. Two years—ten logs a day.

"Reed," he remarked one night to the emptiness of the verandah, for he soon formed the habit of thinking aloud, "is mad with power, like the Kaiser. Not satisfied with the normal accomplishments of a capable man, he is out for the record. He wants to get out more timber than any manager the company has had ever got out before, and he don't care how he does it.

"Money, that's what he's after. And while we sacrifice health and happiness so that a few bar-flies in America may lean on mahogany while they guzzle their beer and whisky there are thousands giving up their lives in France for a real cause.

"A real cause," he repeated, smiling grimly, "and mine is ten logs a day."

He laughed long and loudly, and filled his pipe.

At the end of the second month he was able to send his runner off to Dunkwa with an excellent report for Reed.

"The hauling distance is now about a mile and a half," the letter ran, "but I have averaged fourteen logs a day. Burra Creek is clear to the main Ancobra and we will finish the cleaning of the Suwinsu within twenty days."

"Your report for February is satisfactory," the curt reply came "the work must go on in the same manner."

The work did go on. Burton took every means possible to keep busy and deaden his mind to any outside influence.

By one mail which the runner brought from Dunkwa he received a paper stating that a number of the young officers he had met on the steamer had been killed in a native uprising near Kano. He tore the paper into shreds and rushed out into the jungle to plunge madly about until exhausted. The awful realization of all that his isolation shut him off from was maddening. He should have been there fighting shoulder to shoulder with those splendid young fellows.

When Reed finally arrived, in early June, Hal was almost at the end of his mental tether. He had kept up his average of fourteen logs a day, but strained to the limit by overwork and loneliness he got little satisfaction from informing the manager of his success.

Reed, too, was in a condition far from normal. He was thin and sallow, with great black hollows under his eyes, and so nervous and irritable that he jumped at the slightest noise.

Feverishly the two set about making their final preparations for the drive. It had been raining steadily for a week and the time was near. They picked from among the laborers all boys who had done any river work before, got out the pike poles and peavies, made ready the large dugout canoes which the axmen had manufactured during the spring months.

In the beginning it was surprisingly easy. They encountered very little trouble in the creeks, thanks to Burton's thorough cleaning, and a week's hard work with their well-organized crew found every tributary stream swept clear of logs. Almost joyously they stocked the dugouts with provisions and set out down the Ancobra for the hundred and fifty mile journey to the coast. Even Reed was smiling for the first time in months.

BUT the smile was only a grudging concession of the moment. Burton essayed, during one of the many periods of silence as they glided along in their canoe, to talk of the war.

"Did you ever stop to think, Jim," he asked, "that we are rather shirking our duty? Up north men are fighting our battles for us, giving up their lives that we slackers may have a decent world to live in. Think of poor Belgium, over-run, trampled down—"

"Yes," interrupted the manager, "think of her! Who, besides your—"

self, thinks of her? Do you believe England got in to avenge poor, down-trodden Belgium? No, by heaven, nor anybody else! England got in to save her own skin; she wasn't worrying about anything but a force of Germans looking at her from across the channel."

"I'm sorry you look at it that way," replied Burton, soberly.

"That way?" yelled the other, "how else can you look at it? If they are not fighting one way, they are in another. Believe me, before the war the German steamers were giving Elder's line a mighty tough run for their money right here on the Coast; German merchandise was coming in everywhere. It's their fight, Burton, let them settle it themselves."

"I won't argue with you," answered Hal, "but they are our people and we ought to be helping them."

Reed snorted contemptuously. Nothing more was said.

For four days the drive went smoothly and they swept downstream. On the fifth morning they awoke to find the tropic sun beating down upon them out of a cloudless sky.

"Look," cried Reed as they stood in front of their hut on the bank, pointing to the high water mark, nearly a foot above the present level.

And indeed one could almost see the river falling before his eye.

"The rocks," he yelled, starting for his canoe, "the rocks below Prestea!"

Leaving the most of the crew behind to bring down the stragglers, the two white men pushed on with two boat loads at a madman's pace.

At five o'clock in the evening they were halted by logs backed up for a quarter of a mile by a great jam at the rocks. It looked as if all their labors had gone for naught. There might not be sufficient water to get the logs down until the next year's floods.

Disembarking, they made their way along the bank to the head of the jam. Frantic by this time, Reed got his men out on the logs, working with cant hooks at the jammed timber. There was still two feet of water over the rocks, but several logs were jammed so that they held back the entire mass. If these key logs could be started, the entire drive would sweep by to the boom. The coast was only five miles away.

The river boys grappled madly with the timber, but it was futile. Darkness fell upon them and acetylene lights were placed on the banks.

THE end of it all came when Arkah, one of the head boat boys, broke his cant hook and fell between the logs, coming up battered and bruised almost beyond recognition and all but dead. The word spread that the river devils were about; that native "ju ju" was of no avail, and in a twinkling the superstitious blacks threw down their tools and disappeared into the jungle, leaving only a headman, helpless without his laborers, and the manager's steward boy.

Reed, wild with rage and disappointment, would have gone out on the jam himself but for Burton's restraint. It was madness for a man, or two men, to at-

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tempt to do anything on the dangerous mass of timber.

Half carrying him, Hal, with the steward's assistance, got the manager up to a little bamboo house on a nearby hill. He strode up and down in the hut, cursing.

"Damn you," he shouted, turning on Hal, "you won't let me do anything, why don't you do something yourself? You—"

There was a kind of dry rattle in his voice; he swayed clutching at his throat, and fell in a dead faint. Burton put him on his cot and applied water to his wrists.

As he knelt by the side of the cot, staring helplessly at the piteous face of the stricken man who had been his friend, a great idea came to him and he left the hut.

He set out swiftly along a path which he had noticed before night had caught them and pushed on through the bush towards the Prestea mine. It took him just an hour to make the four-mile walk, and he arrived at the mine shortly after ten o'clock, finding the manager drinking his customary nightly allotment of Scotch and soda on his bungalow verandah.

It took several minutes to get any action out of the lethargic Briton, but within half an hour he was on the back trail, followed by two porters bearing dynamite. Crimping a detonator cap around the end of a yard of waterproof fuse and inserting it in one of the half dozen sticks of powder which he had tied together, he crept out on the logs with the explosive. It took but a moment to find the best place for the experiment, for his true logger's eye had sized up the situation in the afternoon. He dropped the bundle of dynamite in between the two jammed key logs, lit the fuse, and scampered.

But a moment's wait and the jungle seemed to reel with the tremendous concussion, logs hurtled high in the air, and the great mass began to move, at first slowly, then gathering headway and swirling rapidly on down the river. The drive was saved.

BURTON was possessed with an infinite feeling of contentment; for the moment he was at ease with the entire world. In silent exultation he dragged his weary body to the hut, assured himself that Reed was resting quietly, and stretched himself out on a cot to drift off immediately into a peaceful sleep. He knew that the watchman would be on the lookout for the logs at the boom below.

When he was awakened, he saw Reed leaning against the side of the door in the glaring light of mid-day. Jim was shaking convulsively, and Burton thought that he must be suffering from a bad fever. But when he turned at the sound of Burton's moving about, he was sobbing.

"Hal, old lad," he blurted out, "I have been a fool—a blamed fool. For two years I've absolutely slaved for results, sacrificed health, temper and friendships, yet I should have failed utterly but for what you did last night. Yes, I have been a fool. Will you forgive me, old man?"

"Forgive? There's nothing to forgive," answered Burton gladly, with no note of reserve, "let bygones be bygones."

"That's like you, Hal," continued the other man, his eyes glistening again, "my steward boy told me what you did last night. I can never repay you. Look—"

He pointed down the winding stream to the boom, which they could see from their hill. Two thousand logs lay bobbing tranquilly in the now placid waters of the river, arrested by the stoutly guyed boom.

"And beyond," cried Reed again, pointing out past the white tumbling of the surf on Ancobra bar to the sea horizon.

"Do you see that smudge on the sky line? That's the *Apapa*, southbound. She'll be back this way in two weeks and we'll be on her, bound for the front. If Uncle Sam don't want us, then we'll join the Canadians. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" shrieked the other, hysterically, "Jim, old man, Jim—"

Unable to articulate, he stood gazing earnestly into the eyes of the friend whom he had found again.

They were silent for a moment, and both might have imagined that they heard the thudding of the guns on that far-off Flanders fighting line. Unable to stand the strain any longer, these two strong men threw their arms about each other and sobbed on one another's shoulder, sobbed their hearts out with relief, like two very little children crying over a broken toy which, miraculously, had become whole again.

Finally, when their emotion had run its course, they locked arms and side by side swung down the precipitous path to their canoe, which lay at the river's edge, waiting to take them on down to the sea.

On One Arm and Two Feet

(Continued from page 16)

button holes of the vest and bearing out to hold it in position. The nail is then drawn across the sharp end of the file until all dirt is removed.

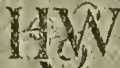
I AM typing this article with one hand. I earn some pin money during my spare time doing stenographic work, and can rattle out almost the average two-handed speed on any machine with a universal keyboard.

I have come to the conclusion that the only use of the other hand was to hold things, and this is very satisfactorily taken care of by a paper weight when writing, or by your knee at other times.

By crossing your legs you can rest a newspaper or book thereon. Your pipe can be placed between your knees and the tobacco poured in or a pouch used.

If these few suggestions can be understood and put into practice by others, the purpose of this article will have been achieved.

That the passing years may render you more able to say with truthfulness that you do not miss the absent member, and that the absence of such member may not in any measure impede your deserved and positive success in the world, is the wish and prayer of the former buck private who has written this.



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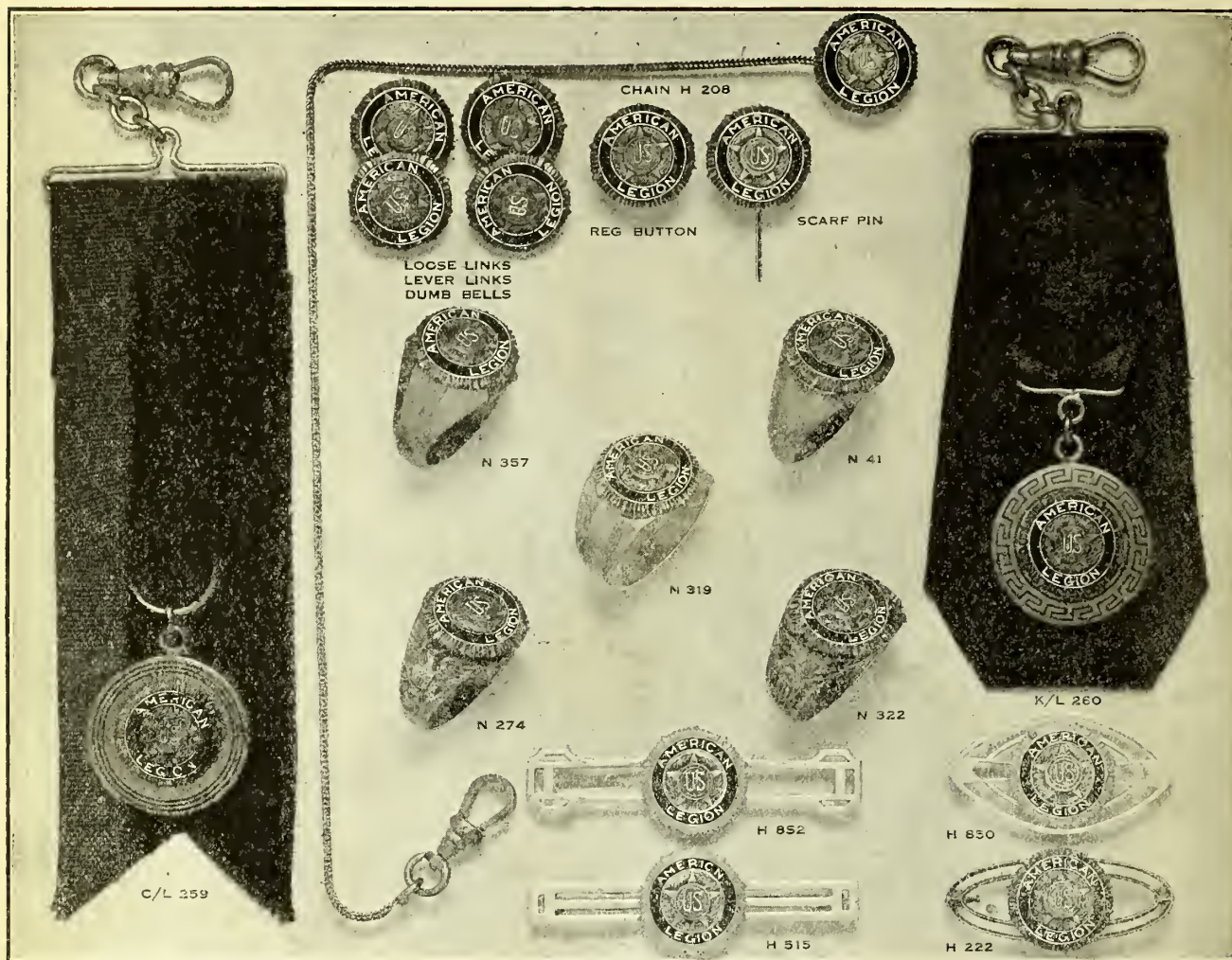
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